

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

DECEMBER 24, 1954

35 CENTS
This issue only



BOWL PREVIEWS

SCOUTING REPORTS
WITH MANIKINS

4-COLOR
ROSE
PARADE



SILVER ALL-AMERICA



THE 25 MEN
WHO WIN A
NEW NATIONAL
DISTINCTION

CHRISTMAS BONUS ISSUE

NEW CARS



NEW LOOK



A NEW
GAME



WINTER GOLF

THE LOS ANGELES OPEN



GREAT BIRDS

PAINTED YEARS
BEFORE AUDUBON

SMART MAN STARTS NEW DAY WITH

ROBLEE

The open-collar feeling in leather



Consider the Roblee Cross-Strap, one of the smartest styles of the year. Combines the relaxed feeling of a slip-on with the snugness of a laced shoe. The cross strap does it. Hugs your foot (without squeezing) so the shoe can't slip. See why we say that Roblee Shoes give you "the

open-collar feeling in leather?"

As you can tell from the picture, this one will do you very handsomely for business and pleasure. So have it your way—in black calf or tan campane grain. See it at your Roblee dealer's, Roblee Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

The CROSS-STRAP

By **ROBLEE**

1495

Other Roblee Styles \$9.95 to \$14.95
Slightly Higher Prices West





When the University of Iowa
and Oregon State football teams
go to the Rose Bowl, they both
will fly there on the
airline of champions.





"I'll take this one. Hiram is such an honest name."

Right! And there's no foreign fiddle-faddle about our vodka either. We distill Hiram Walker's Vodka clearer than the glass that holds it—from pure American grain at Peoria, Illinois. An improvement? Gospodin, you should try it!



50 AND 100 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • HIRAM WALKER & SONS, INCORPORATED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS



JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Question:

If you were given the Pittsburgh Pirates for Christmas, what would you do with them?

PETER J. WOODHORN



Commissioner
Little League
baseball

I'd not dead aim for the pennant. Winning baseball begins in the Little League. We have the greatest array of talent that ever appeared in the history of the sport. Within a reasonably short time I could, with the pick of these youngsters, land the Pirates in the World Series.

HENRY FORD II



President
Ford Motor Co.

Any married man knows how difficult it is to select a Christmas present for his wife, one that he has not given before. I'd give the Pirates to my wife as a Christmas gift. It would be unique. She's good at solving problems, and I'm sure she would like to be a full-fledged manager on her own.

RAYMAN T. KELLER



Former Chairman
of the Board
Chrysler Corp.

Pittsburgh deserves a pennant. It's a rabid baseball town with a great tradition going back to the days of the Flying Dutchman. Honus Wagner, my first sports hero. If I owned the Pirates, I'd gladly buy the added strength the team needs to reward the loyal Pittsburgh fans.

THOMAS J. HARDSHAYE



Chairman of
the Board
Eastman Kodak Co.

Why not give me the Yankees instead? But I won't goible. If it must be the Pittsburgh Pirates, I'll make them an admirable club. They would be admired in every city, as this line group of young men was admired last season when the Pirates led the National League for a spell.

CLARE WAMPLER



Chairman of
the Board
Carrier Corp.

If I were in any other business, I'd quit and run the Pirates. That isn't advisable because I would be going from air to armor. At that, though, the two jobs are not too dissimilar. These were times when I felt that to be successful in the air-conditioning business you had to be a pirate.

JAMES M. BULLOCK



College student
Culpeper University

The Pirates are my team. Most of the players are college men. I'd love managing a team like that, but I would need an additional catcher who hits .300 and hits them long. Also, with a top left-handed pitcher like Johnny Antonelli I could guarantee the Pirate fans a pennant.

DICK HAYMES



Singer

I'd trade First Baseman Dale Long for Gil Hodges, Shortstop Dick Groat for Kenie Banks, Catcher Jack Sheppard for Yogi Berra, Outfielder Lee Walls for Mickey Vento. You say it is impossible to make these trades? I know. No one is going to give me the Pittsburgh Pirates for Christmas.

MRS. BRITTON E. WOOD



Housewife

Having lived in Cincinnati all my life, I know how long it took the Reds to grow strong. It wouldn't have taken long with a woman owner. If I got the Pirates for Christmas, I'd raise a half-million dollars from my friends in one afternoon and buy the players needed to win the pennant.

ANTHONY M. LARRIE



Owner
Ukiah Teachers Soccer Club

I would convert the men into soccer players. Dale Long should kick as well as be hit. Bob Friend, big and fast, would be an ideal inside right forward. Dick Groat, a pepper pot, would be a scintillating center forward. I'd have a team that could win the World Cup in 1958 and the next Olympics.

ROBERT HARRON



Assistant to the
President
Columbia University

Some persons would not them, but I would not. I would try to make Branch Rickey's dream come true by taking that old gentleman's advice. In two years my Pirates would win the pennant. Even without me they're going to win in two years and give the Pittsburgh fans a real Christmas.

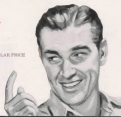
continued on next page

Black Label

THE PREMIUM BEER AT THE POPULAR PRICE



Hey Mabel...



*There goes that call again...
for the finest beer of all again*

It's a friendly call... a cheerful call — the call for Carling Black Label Beer. It will please your taste — and your nose, too! Next time you buy, give Black Label a try.

The best beer in the world comes from CARLING.

CARLING BREWERY CO., CHICAGO, IL. ST. LOUIS, MO. INDIANAPOLIS, IN. MAINE, ME.

The talk is ARNOLT-BRISTOL



George Laxson and Arnolt-Bristol set new course record in class E production at Thompson Speedway.

SEE YOUR DEALER BELOW:

New York City	Boston Motors, 825 Park Avenue
Quebec City, N. Y.	Bowyer Motors, Berry Hill & South St.
Chicago	S. H. Arnolt Inc., 185 East Olive Street
St. Louis	Continental Cars, 273 DuSable Ave.
Detroit	Sports Cars of Detroit, 15204 Marchwood
Minneapolis, St. M.	Williams H. Hart Sales, 1650 S. Main St.
Los Angeles	Moore Motors, 9830 W. Pico Blvd.
San Francisco	Moore Motors, 1529 Van Ness Blvd.

New H. H. ARNOLT Chicago Motor Sales at 1840 North Broadway

S. H. ARNOLT INC.
185 E. OLIVE ST., CHICAGO 11, ILL.



When really knowing sports car enthusiasts get together the talk is Arnolt-Bristol. The talk is based on solid performance, like George Laxson's new course record in class E production at Thompson Speedway (only a whisker slower than the outright production car record). Moreover this delightful, dual-purpose two-seater has perfect road manners, is completely at ease in traffic. The Rollie model at \$4,250 costs but several hundred dollars more than sports cars of less distinguished breeding.

NOTEBOOK

continued from page 8

JIM TATUM



Football coach
North Carolina

You should never look a gift horse in the mouth, but that's one Christmas gift I would refuse. I have enough trouble with the Tar Heels without taking on the Pittsburgh Pirates. The football season is over and I have no worries. Go away. Let me enjoy the Christmas holidays.

THEODORE F. SMITH



Engineering authority

I'm a native Pittsburgher, and I'm often disappointed of seeing the Pirates. Now you offer them to me on a Christmas present. Am I still daydreaming? You could not get them away from me, although they couldn't have better ownership and management than they have now.

HARRY A. BULLIS



Chairman of Board
General Mills Corp.

I remember the Pittsburgh Pirates as a general kind of Blue concern led by Pro-Clark and the great ear player of all time, Hank Wagner. I would move the Pirates to Minneapolis where we have a wonderful new stadium. We would make the Pirates the greatest team in the country.

NEXT WEEK:

*Do you think colleges
will follow the lead
of the Ivy League and
reappraise football?*

COMING EVENTS

Dec. 23 through Jan. 4

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21

Boxing/football
(College tournaments)
◆ **Decisive!** Tournament, Decisive! (through Dec. 22)
University of Kentucky Invitational, Lexington, Ky. (through Dec. 22)

Boxing
◆ **Garbar Ortega vs. Tony De Marco, welterweights** (10 rds.), Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Hockey
◆ **Chicago vs. New York, Chicago.**

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22

Boating
◆ **Newport Harbor Yacht Club Christmas Sailing Regatta, Newport Beach, Calif.** (through Dec. 23)

Football
◆ **Alumnus Bowl, Montana State vs. St. Joseph's** (Ind.), Little Rock, Ark., 2 p.m. (CBS)

Horse Racing
◆ **Fort County Handicap, \$10,000, 2-yr.-olds, 6 f., Tropical Park, Fla.**

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23

Boating
◆ **Orange Bowl Power Boat Regatta, Miami** (through Dec. 21)

Football
◆ **Professional (CBS*)**
◆ **Baltimore vs. Washington, Baltimore.**

MONDAY, DECEMBER 24

Boxing
◆ **Doris Delgado vs. Angela De Fazio, middleweights** (10 rds.), St. Nick's, New York, 10:30 p.m. (The Mont-TV)

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25

Boxing/football
(College tournament)
◆ **Holistic Basketball Festival, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York** (Dec. 23, 24, 25, 26)

Horse Racing
◆ **Christmas Handicap, \$5,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 6 f., Fair Grounds, New Orleans.**
◆ **Christmas Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/4 m., Tropical Park, Fla.**

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26

Boxing/football
(College tournaments)
◆ **Big Seven Tourney, Kansas City, Mo.** (through Dec. 28)
◆ **New England Tourney, Amherst, Mass.** (through Dec. 28)
◆ **Orange Bowl Tourney, Miami** (through Dec. 29)

(Professional)
◆ **Fort Wayne vs. Rochester; Boston vs. Philadelphia, Boston.**
◆ **Minnesota vs. Syracuse, Minneapolis.**

Boxing
◆ **Willie Postema vs. Charlie Rocker, heavyweights** (10 rds.), 10 p.m. Miami (ABC)

Football
◆ **North-South College All-Star Game, Miami, 9:05 p.m. (Mutual radio)**

Hockey
◆ **Montreal vs. Toronto, Montreal.**

Swimming
◆ **AAC Canadian-American Meet, Buffalo, N.Y.**

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27

Boxing/football
(College tournaments)
◆ **College Tourney, Oklahoma City** (through Dec. 29)
◆ **Christmas Tourney, Dallas, Texas** (through Dec. 29)
◆ **State Classic, Raleigh, N.C.** (through Dec. 29)
◆ **Far West Tourney, Reno** (through Dec. 29)
◆ **Orange Bowl Tourney, Jacksonville, Fla.** (through Dec. 29)
◆ **Louisiana Invitational, Shreveport, La.** (through Dec. 29)
◆ **NIIA Tourney, Omaha** (through Dec. 29)
◆ **Queen City Invitational, Buffalo** (through Dec. 29)
◆ **Richmond Invitational, Richmond** (through Dec. 29)
◆ **Southwest Conference Tourney, Houston** (through Dec. 29)

Boxing
◆ **Harizane Jackson vs. Ajilo Medrano, heavyweights** (10 rds.), Milwaukee.
◆ **Sugar Bowl Amateur Boxing Tournament, New Orleans.**

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28

Boxing/football
(College tournaments)
◆ **Alumnus Tourney, Akron, Ohio** (through Dec. 29)
◆ **Kentucky All-American Tournament, Owensboro, Ky.** (through Jan. 1)
◆ **Blue Grass Festival, Louisville, Ky.** (through Dec. 29)
◆ **Tennessee Invitational, Knoxville, Ind.** (through Dec. 29)
◆ **Louisiana Invitational, Shreveport, La.** (through Dec. 29)
◆ **Motor City Tourney, Detroit** (through Dec. 29)
◆ **Super State Tourney, Covington, Ore.** (through Dec. 29)

Boxing
◆ **Paul Boni vs. Baby Marcano, lightweights** (10 rds.), Graceland Arena, Miami, 10 p.m. (NBC)

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29

Boxing/football
(College tournaments)
◆ **Outstanding college games**
◆ **Indiana vs. IPFLA, Bloomington, Ind.** (Midwest Regional TV*)
◆ **Purdue vs. Princeton, Lafayette, Ind.** (Professional)
◆ **Minnesota vs. St. Louis, Minneapolis.**
◆ **Philadelphia vs. Syracuse, Philadelphia.**
◆ **Rochester vs. Fort Wayne, Rochester, N.Y.**

Boxing
◆ **Race of Champions Southern Yacht Club (Sail-Ing), New Orleans, La.** (through Dec. 30)

Football
(College games)
◆ **Blue-Gray Game, Montgomery, Ala.** 1:45 p.m. (NBC)
◆ **East-West Shrine Game, San Francisco.** 4:45 p.m. (NBC)
◆ **Gator Bowl (Pittsburgh vs. Georgia Tech), Jacksonville, Fla.** 1:15 p.m. (CBS). Men to watch: Pittsburgh's Watson (80) and Tech's Mitchell (11)

Hockey
◆ **Montreal vs. New York, Montreal.**
◆ **Toronto vs. Chicago, Toronto.**

Horse Racing
◆ **California Breeders' Trial, \$20,000, 2-yr.-old Calif. Kala, 1 1/4 Santa Anita, Calif. Marlin Secret Stakes, \$75,000 3-yr.-olds, 1 1/4 Santa Anita, Calif. Sugar Bowl Handicap, \$5,000, 2-yr.-olds, 6 f., Fair Grounds, New Orleans.**

Boxing
◆ **Intercontinental Invitational 4-Card Meet, London-online, Va.** (through Dec. 30)

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30

Football
◆ **Pro Championship (Herring playoffs)***

Hockey
◆ **Chicago vs. Toronto, Chicago.**
◆ **Detroit vs. Boston, Detroit.**

MONDAY, DECEMBER 31

Boxing
◆ **Carlos Ortiz vs. Gale Dennis, lightweights** (10 rds.), St. Nick's, New York, 10:30 p.m. (Outland-TV; Mutual radio)

Hockey
◆ **New York vs. Detroit, New York.**

TUESDAY, JANUARY 1

Football
(New games)
◆ **Colton Bowl (Oklahoma vs. Texas Christian), Dallas, Texas, 1:45 p.m. (NBC).** Men to watch: TCU's Davis (30) and Oklahoma's Brown (34)
◆ **Orange Bowl (Colorado vs. Cincinnati), Miami, 1:45 p.m. (CBS).** Men to watch: Colorado's Bryant (30) and Cincinnati's Wells (47)
◆ **Rose Bowl (Ore. vs. Oregon State), Pasadena, Calif., 4:45 p.m. (NBC).** Men to watch: Ore.'s Pilon (11) and Oregon's Burden (14)
◆ **Sugar Bowl (Tennessee vs. Baylor), New Orleans, La., 2 p.m. (ABC).** Men to watch: Tennessee's Mayers (85) and Baylor's Shuler (37)
◆ **Sun Bowl (George Washington vs. Texas Western), El Paso, Texas.**

Horse Racing
◆ **New Year's Handicap, \$10,000, 2-yr.-olds & up, 6 f., Tropical Park, Fla.**
◆ **Las Flores Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, (Bilken & owner), 6 f., Santa Anita, Calif.**
◆ **San Gabriel Handicap, \$75,000, 4-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/4 m., (Jarl owner), Santa Anita, Calif.**

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2

Boxing/football
(College tournament)
◆ **Senior Bowl, Mobile, Ala.** (through Jan. 3)
◆ **Outstanding college games**
◆ **Connecticut vs. Dartmouth, Storrs, Conn.**
◆ **North Carolina vs. Harvard, Chapel Hill, N.C.**
◆ **Texas A&M vs. Rice, College Station, Texas.**

Boxing
◆ **Sugar Ray Robinson vs. Gene Fullmer, middleweight title** (10 rds.), Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)

THURSDAY, JANUARY 3

Boxing/football
(Professional)
◆ **Fort Wayne vs. Minneapolis, Fort Wayne, Ind.**
◆ **Philadelphia vs. St. Louis, New York vs. Spokane, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York.**

Hockey
◆ **Montreal vs. Chicago, Montreal.**

FRIDAY, JANUARY 4

Boxing
◆ **Isidro Martinez vs. Rex Chismar, featherweights** (10 rds.), Washington, D.C., 10 p.m. (NBC)

Q&A
◆ **Los Angeles Open, \$20,000, Los Angeles** (through Jan. 7)

* See local listing.

TV COLOR TV NETWORK RADIO ALL TIMES E.S.T. EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED

THE PUBLISHER

along the Atlantic and in the Caribbean where, if you share that common urge to dig for pirate treasure, your chances are at least not hopeless, for four sources swear by the bones of Captain Kidd: the treasure should be there no matter how elusively buried. Later on you can take a cruise on the Southern Ocean Racing Circuit and a mile-by-mile trip through the Outland Waterway from San Diego to Acapulco, comparable to last year's trip down the Inland Waterway (SI, Nov. 28, 1955).

In 1957 you will meet new friends of the wild in Dr. Lang's intimate accounts of nature; and visit with old friends, often wilder, at J. P. Marquand's Happy Knoll Country Club. As for real-life country clubs, Herb Wind will explore the universal and serious question of club finances. Other golf specials include a story on a dream course fashioned out of the greatest golf holes in England and, in early March, a series of major articles about which I can only say now that they should take their place as the finest single work ever written on how to play golf.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will also publish, in several parts, the first treatise ever written on fly-fishing. Its author: Dame Juliana Berners, a 15th century English nun, part-time fisherman and the earliest of anglers to organize trout fishing into a philosophy and the art of tying flies into a manual of instructions.

Sports will bring a discussion, with this magazine's conclusions, on the subject of Little League baseball, now exposed to the criticism of being too advanced in competition for players not yet advanced in years. And in the Special Baseball Issue of April 15, a story on pitching, so revolutionary that it may easily change pitching procedures of the future, casts an entirely new light on the reasons why pitchers win and lose games.

DESPITE the fact that this two-in-one issue gives me twice my usual space, I have been able to tell only a part of our immediate editorial plans. But they are enough, I think, to promise a most full and pleasant year in 1957.

Rather naturally, in thinking of it, I have been reminded of some facts on the year drawing to a close. With this issue we have reported on more than 140 sports in more than 3,000 editorial pages. The volume of our advertising pages has been growing too and is 50% higher than in 1955. Circulation now approaches 700,000, more than 50% beyond the base figure with which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED began its career in August 1954. In fact, we have grown in all areas, and we continue to grow. So the future is something we face with eagerness—and we hope you do too.

But right now is the present, certainly the time (and this issue the place) to wish you a tried-and-true two-in-one greeting—from everyone on SPORTS ILLUSTRATED:

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

Harry Phillips

Sportswear ILLUSTRATED



DICK MCGOWAN, chief guide at Mount Rainier and Himalayan mountain climber, wears Jantzen Midland Check Walker Set of imported cotton shirt, cross-resistant linen-like walk-ers, and matching belt. Sizes 30 to 40, \$11.95. At leading stores.

Jantzen
sportswear for sportmen

Jantzen Inc., Portland 3, Oregon

CELEBRATING!
serve the
great
Champagne
of France

MOËT

Chateau de Reims, France

HELP STOP DEATH
ON THE HIGHWAY



WHERE TRAFFIC
LAWS ARE OBEYED
DEATHS GO DOWN!

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL
SAFETY ORGANIZATION

Published as a public service in
cooperation with the Advertising Council

Oh, these delicious island drinks!

DAGGER
Jamaica Rum

The recipes are on the bottle

87 Proof • Schenck & Co., New York

All over the world... the cry of a child sounds the same!

■ Who asks the nationality of a hungry child?
Of a sick one? Of a child that mourns for a mother swept
away forever by disaster or epidemic?

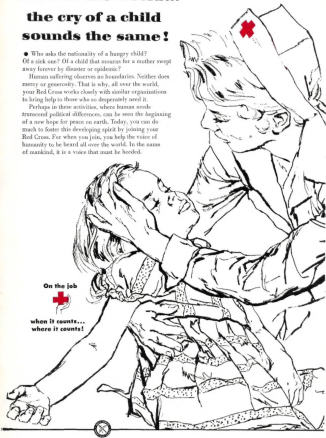
Human suffering observes no boundaries. Neither does
mercy or generosity. That is why, all over the world,
your Red Cross works closely with similar organizations
to bring help to those who so desperately need it.

Perhaps in these activities, where human needs
transcend political differences, can be seen the beginning
of a new hope for peace on earth. Today, you can do
much to foster this developing spirit by joining your
Red Cross. For when you join, you help the voice of
humanity to be heard all over the world. In the name
of mankind, it is a voice that must be heeded.

On the job



when it counts...
where it counts!



**COVER: A CHRISTMAS BOOST**

For Christmas and New Year's the editors herewith happily present a gift-wrapped package: two magazines in one. For Christmas, there is an actively new type of football award, described on page 67. For New Year's there are the bowl games, previewed in illustrated detail, lived in between there is a shower of gifts—for our lovers (page 62), bird lovers (page 64), golfer (page 65), and everyone. Our next issue is dated January 7. Its highlight? See below.

A SPORTS ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATION

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SILVER ANNIVERSARY ALL-AMERICA**25 FOOTBALL PLAYERS OF 25 YEARS AGO WIN FRESH HONORS**

67

With this issue *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* presents the first of a new series of annual national awards for excellence—and turns the spotlight on some of the outstanding careers of one of the most challenging quarter centuries in U.S. history.

STRIKE IS HAMPIANT IN THE BOWLS

10

The football season winds up in the Rose, Cotton, Sugar, Gator and Orange bowls. *SCOUTING REPORTS* on all the tournaments plus HICKMAN'S HUNCHES and four pages IN COLOR of the famous Tournament of Roses.

THE PRO FOOTBALL PLAYOFF

41

The New York Giants and Chicago Bears renew a violent old argument. *SCOUTING REPORTS* on both teams.

THE LOS ANGELES OPEN: THE PROS REASSEMBLE

44

JAMES MURRAY describes the winter circuit opening, and MARK KATZMAN photographs it IN COLOR.

THE POETS OF THE FENDER

52

Ford's automobile designers give the world beauty on wheels. KENNETH RUTHER describes them, JIMMY COOPER shows top cars IN COLOR, and the great Ferrari racer is revealed in a motorcycle-driving.

V.I.P.S. BY FORD

62

An Irish lass in California, Jane Ford, has a nap with neighborhood friends. With two pages IN COLOR.

THE BALL

66

Round or oblong, large or small, it's a centerpiece of sports. Here is a new game to play with it.

A LITERARY REDISCOVERY: FIRST ARTIST OF THE WINGED WILD

68

ROBERT CATTWELL tells the story of Alexander Wilson, the almost forgotten Scotsman who, long before Audubon, classified and painted America's amazing bird life. With a rare gallery of prints IN COLOR.

... AND ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

26

A portrait of awe, from Hungary's Olympians to the al Anguato and Justin Robinson, the new Giant.

THE DEPARTMENTS

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THE NEXT ISSUE:

JAN.
7

THE SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

IT WAS ROGER BANNISTER IN 1954, JOHNNY PODRES IN 1955. WHO IS THE HERO OF THIS GREAT OLYMPIC YEAR?





IN PRASADIA, THE BOSS BOWL PUTS OREGON STATE AGAINST INDIANA 1994



IN NEW ORLEANS, BAYLOR AND TENNESSEE ARE

**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED**
DECEMBER 24, 1996

STRIFE, AS THEY SAY,

Football fans will find enough action to last until fall in traditional year-and feuds

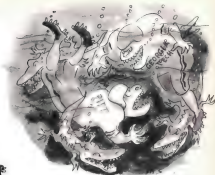


IN MIAMI IT WILL BE COLORADO AGAINST CLEMSON AT THE ORANGE BOWL

Sometimes, it seems, was only yesterday, and now Football '96 is history. The next order of business on the agenda is the Battle of the Bowls. Whether this postgrandma menu is good for the game of football I don't honestly know; but I do know that to millions the pageantry, the excitement and the games themselves offer a truly fitting finale, uniquely American, to the holiday season. And perhaps more important, regardless of what you may have heard, the players got a whale of a bang out of the bowl games. Win, lose or tie, it is a milestone they will always remember and cherish.



THE SPORTS ANTHROPOIDS IN HUMAN BOWL.



IN JACKSONVILLE'S COTTON BOWL, PETTIGREW AND GEORGIA TECH FANGLIA.

IS RAMPANT IN THE BOWLS

by HERMAN HICKMAN

Only a few hundred thousand will be fortunate enough to be sitting in the stadiums at game time, but well over half the nation will be watching or listening on TV and radio. So to you, the great majority: shake off your head-aches, gather about you a congenial group, mixed company preferred. If your New Year's resolutions won't be affected, maybe a cooling drink right be in order. Open to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's scouting reports, relax in a soft chair and thank God you are an American. Bring on the bowls.

For scouting reports and other bowl news, see following 16 pages



IN DALLAS, TEX DEFENSE'S HUNTER AGAINST TEXAS TECH IN COTTON BOWL.

IT STARTED WITH FLOWERS

The Tournament of Roses, Pasadena's 87-year-old salute to the New Year, sired the Rose Bowl and started a football fashion

WHEN PASADENA moves 8 million flowers from one end of town to the other on New Year's Day, more than a million people come to watch. About 48 million more stay home to watch this pageant on their television sets, for this is one of the most looked-at events in the U.S.

It started as a flower-throwing picnic among friends, but it has spread into a project so breathtaking that the whole town pants when it is over.

Thirty committees of Pasadena businessmen work on their Tournament of Roses parade, and all they ever get out of it is fun, and a chance to buy two Rose Bowl tickets at the regular price. There are 3,000 people who walk or ride in the parade, enough to populate a small town.

Seasoned amateurs run this show, the most famous single-day celebration in the world. For 51 weeks before the parade these businessmen have been planning, scheduling, screening, routing, listing, checking, conferring and setting it up. Somewhere a football game got attached to the lighter events.

When the world lines up on Pasadena's curbs this coming January 1, 1967, this is what it will see:

Sixty floats—a fairyland in flowers, green-and-gold dragons, jet planes, ships; all riding on metal skeletons over truck beds shaped with chicken wire and plaster and plastic cocoons like those that cover the Navy's mothball fleet. Over that the pay load: flowers, decorated with pretty people in shiny clothes, bringing plants and knights and nursery rhymes to life.

"Every inch of every float must be covered with real flowers or plants," explains a committeeman. "We check that very carefully. Absolutely nothing artificial, all freshly cut."

Twenty of the best marching bands in the nation will deploy among the floats, blaring through town and tramping on fallen roses and lilies and archbids in the streets.

Two hundred horsemen and housewives are polishing silver now for the parade. Some of their saddled mounts are worth \$50,000 on the hoof.

Sixty-seven parades have preceded the one that is now nearly ready to roll. They started soon after Dr. Charles Frederick Holder came home from Europe in 1888 and spoke a fabled sentence, something like this: "I saw a lovely thing in Rome. They called it the Battle of the Flowers. Why couldn't we . . . ?"

He said it in the lounge of the Valley Hunt Club, a gathering place for wealthy and energetic Pasadenaans and eastern socialites wintering there. By New Year's Day 1890 they had a little village frolic under way. Six years later the parade was so long and so famous that the Valley Hunt Club asked to be relieved of the big job of running it. Many of its members were active in forming the new Tournament of Roses Association. Today this nonprofit corporation has a year-round office and 1,500 members with a 40,000-man-hour effort focused on two hours of one day of the year. Out of this office came the ideas.

Somebody thought of having grand marshals. The honor has been handed to people like Vice-President Richard Nixon, former President Herbert Hoover, Chief Justice Earl Warren and Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson.

Somebody thought of having Rose Queens. Though they sit in one of the brightest spotlights in the world, few queens or princesses have tried for movie careers. These Pasadena schoolgirls are picked for poise, tact, brains and wear-well beauty, not glamour.

The fiercest excitement for many comes the night before the parade. In big sheds and Quonset huts around town, some 1,400 all-night workers spend New Year's Eve in a frantic race to get flowers glued or wired into place. They wait until the last desperate moment as their flowers will be fresh at parade time.

Tension tightens after daylight. Huge flowered monsters nuzzle each other in the assembly area, and their attendants run beside them putting final flowers into place. Everything surges and heaves for a while. Far ahead a band stiffens and steps off blaring, pulling the whole area taut. Pandemonium turns into a parade.

The mechanized flower gardens ramble up Orange Grove Avenue, past the reviewing stand, east on Colorado Boulevard, on through towns and out to their halting points in Victory Park. Here they will draw another 500,000 visitors and tie up traffic for two days after the parade is over.

And Pasadena will send out a mechanized army of workers to gather the 50,000 pounds of rubbish that the visitors have left on the streets.

—RAY DUNCAN

Sail Schuchtdge nervously Nikes dress before boarding the city of Burbank's first-prize float, "Page One"





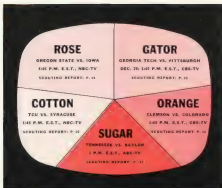
Early-morning crowd gets special treat as Rose princesses board the main float.



Shown are Yvonne Flint, Sue Anderson, Letia McEachern and Annette Fredrickson



Bunny girls Betty Walker (left), Cathy Reynolds accompany Easter Parade float



Here is your TV screen for the bowl games. Save this chart and the scouting reports following for use during the games.

BOWL HUNCHES BY HICKMAN

GEORGIA TECH vs. PITTSBURGH (Dec. 19). This ragged replay of last year's Sugar Bowl should be a natural. Panthers are large, and lean toward power. Peculiarly, they have not scored in the first quarter all season, but have shown an irresistible second-half surge. Must be clamed, primarily, as a running team but can throw effectively. Yellow Jackets have only faltered once in their methodical march to a bowl. A more versatile offense than Pitt's plus heavy emphasis on the kicking game makes Tech hard to beat. Down in Atlanta they have a slogan: "In Dodd we trust." He has never lost a bowl game. **GEORGIA TECH.**

OREGON STATE vs. IOWA. Both teams came through unexpectedly to win their conference championships. The Hawkeyes lost more good men from last year's team than any school in the Big Ten, while the Beavers, under the first-year coaching of Terry Prothro, surprised by finishing second in the PCC in 1966. But this year it would be different. The surprise element would be gone. So they each finished first. Oregon State's single-wing attack is beautifully balanced. It is suicide to overbait to the strength of the formation because they will run you ragged with reverses. No one thought when Iowa shaded Oregon State 14-13 on Oct. 8 that their next meeting would be in Pasadena. Each has come a long way since then, but it is my belief the Hawkeyes have come farther. **IOWA.**

TENNESSEE vs. BAYLOR. A quick glance at the records of these two teams would make the Vols a strong favor-

ite. Further study will show the Beavers, too, could have had the same undefeated, untied record by scoring just nine more points in their 13-19 loss to Texas A&M and 4-7 defeat by TCU. Baylor is big and explosive. Tennessee is stronger defensively and steadier offensively, with an outstanding kicking game. Despite the fact the Vols have a poor bowl history I'll stick with alma mater. **TENNESSEE.**

TEXAS CHRISTIAN vs. SYRACUSE. The Horned Frogs were somewhat of a disappointment in SWC play this past season, but the potential is still there. Coach Ben Schwartzwalder's Orangemen suffered only a single loss, 7-14 to Pittsburgh, in an unbelievably tough schedule. Still smarting from the horrendous rout by Alabama in the 1963 Orange Bowl game, they are determined to win this one. But I can't help feeling that TCU will rise to the occasion. **TEXAS CHRISTIAN.**

CLEMSON vs. COLORADO. If the Buffaloes again reach the heights of their first-half effort against Oklahoma they can give any team in the country trouble. But the Tigers are tough-fibered and proud of their ACC championship. Offensively, Colorado has shown brilliance at times, scoring 237 points—almost twice Clemson's total. Defensively, Clemson has allowed only 74 points in 10 games while the Buffaloes gave up 122. Pure conjecture—but to the team with the stronger defense. **CLEMSON.**

HICKMAN BOWL RECORDS
RIGHT, 100, BROWN, 91, PUL, 721



ROSE BOWL

OREGON STATE



COACH TOMMY PROTHRO hit the Pacific Coast jack pot in his second year at Oregon State, as his Beavers, with a 6-2-1 Conference record, finally ended the 14-year California monopoly in the Rose Bowl. The Beavers, employing the balanced-line single wing, are basically an infantry outfit, calling for air support only when the ground attack falters. Wingback reverses and tailback power plays in the strong side are the prime offensive weapons. Although they attempted only 75 passes in 10 games, the Beavers completed 40 of them for 678 yards and four touchdowns. Yet the main threat lies in the running game sparked by Earnest Darden at wingback and either Joe Francis or Paul Lowe at tailback. Early in the season Oregon State showed its inexperience in pass defense, but this was pretty well solved during the 10-game season.

BOBERRY LARSEN, QB—Fine blocker, calls offensive signals, backs line on defense.
BOB TOM BERRY, RB—Power runner, arm tackle will not stop him, runs well in secondary, reacts well to pass on defense.
BOB FRANCIS, LB—Strong runner, good punter, does punting. May quick kick.
BOB BERRY, RB—Demotating break-away runner, good receiver with potential for greatness. Watch on reverses.
BOB BERRY, RB—Excellent on offense but too light (165) for real linebacking power. Makes up for size with hustle.
BOB BERRY, RB—Will play mainly on defense. Has trouble entering huddle especially in deep post formation.

BOB BERRY, RB—OSU's best guard. Strong, reacts well on defense.
BOB BERRY, RB—Agile. Offensively dependable. Inexperienced, can be trapped.
BOB BERRY, LB—All-American, strong on offense, has had moments on defense but is improving. Can be trapped.
BOB BERRY, RB—Big, strong, overshadowed White in first Iowa game. Has fine pursuit on defense.
BOB BERRY, LB—Good speed, good receiver, top blocker on reverses. Weakest at defensive ends, does not tackle well.
BOB BERRY, RB—Good blocker, standout on defense, flows tough going. OSU likes to throw him spot passes.



BOB BERRY



BOB FRANCIS



BOB BERRY



BOB BERRY



BOB BERRY



BOB BERRY



BOB BERRY



BOB BERRY



BOB BERRY



BOB BERRY



BOB BERRY



BOB BERRY

IOWA



COACH FOREST EVASHEVSKI Hawkeyes are a triumph of versatility over mediocrity. There is nothing outstanding about this team, no one strong point or weakness, an opponent can concentrate against—and no one can. The Hawkeyes do nothing brilliantly, yet neither do they do anything poorly. Because of this balance it is impossible to attack a defense against them. They can run inside and outside, throw long and short. The offense moves out of a flanked T but uses single wing power blocking on most running plays. The team's greatest asset is undoubtedly its defense, which was responsible for at least four of its close victories. Evashevski must be credited with performing a coaching miracle with this squad if only on the grounds he has kept his boys "up" week after week, running up Iowa's steady ball club that will make few mistakes.

BOB FLOCH, QB—A good runner and punter. Pokes well, likes calling reverses.
BOB FLOCH, QB—A late bloomer who has developed into a fine breakaway runner. Used outside linebacker on defense.
BOB FLOCH, LB—Good a lot on off-tackle power plays for short yardage.
BOB FLOCH, RB—Speedy, thrills break-away threat. Used frequently on reverses. Speed covers defensive weaknesses.
BOB FLOCH, RB—Rarely on defense, can diagnose play quickly, injured early.
BOB FLOCH, RB—Was scarier at left guard until injured. Will share position with Cummings. As good a player.

BOB FLOCH, LB—Aggressive, good linebacker, good blocker. Best guard.
BOB FLOCH, RB—If there is work spot in Iowa line, this is it. Average blocker, weak on defense.
BOB FLOCH, LB—Extremely agile, stops anything up the middle. Best tackle.
BOB FLOCH, RB—Strong, a shade below Harris. Good on defense, hard to trap.
BOB FLOCH, LB—Covered on offense, turns outside snail to the middle. A big man and a very good receiver.
BOB FLOCH, RB—Smaller than Gibbons, has trouble fighting a play right at him because of his size. Fair blocker.



BOB FLOCH



BOB FLOCH



BOB FLOCH



BOB FLOCH



BOB FLOCH



BOB FLOCH



BOB FLOCH



BOB FLOCH



BOB FLOCH



BOB FLOCH



BOB FLOCH



BOB FLOCH

IOWA REVERSE



REMOVING DECEPTION AND POWER: The reverse, given from the point of snapping the ball, is the point of attack, with the drop-off of the blocker "T" formation from which it begins. The quarterback, Player 10, snaps to the right and looks back, handing off to the left half, DeLoach (29), who has moved aside to his right. The dashed line shows

DeLoach (29) taking a step to his right, then moving back and down the ball from DeLoach. He looks to the right, too, (Player 27), through the hole opened by a double block on the defensive right tackle and a trap block on the defensive right end. The handoff, snap of the play, is the right, is designed to pull the defense a step to the right, thereby





COTTON BOWL

TCU



COACH ABE MARTIN'S three-losses team is representing the Southwest Conference by default since unbeaten Texas A&M was declared ineligible for a Bowl appearance by the NCAA because of recruiting violations. Lack of strong blocking at the ends and one halfback poor hobbled star Halfback Jim Swink early in the season, so Quarterback Chuck Curtis turned to his fullback—great Buddy Dike—when he needed yards badly. A big, powerful TCU line can open up the inside. Swink, while retained on the wide plays, has also been useful in short yardage. He led the Southwest Conference for the second year in a row in rushing and established a new three-year record.

Only fair line speed made the Horned Frogs vulnerable to wide running plays. Martin must rely heavily on his starters.

CHUCK CURTIS, QB—Fine passer, ball handler. Too slow for running threat and weak defensively, especially on passes.

BOBBY DIKE, FB—Quick, fast, tough. Spoiled by Halfback (33).

JIM SWINK, LB—Good runner, fine receiver, has improved blocking, defense. May be step slower than last year.

JIM SMITH, RB—Cliver runner, best pass defender on squad. Blocks very well.

JIM REEL, C—Blocks well on double team. Although linebacker, can be trapped.

JOHNSON, T—Big, strong, slow. Hard to move but lacks aggressiveness.

JED WILLIAMS, LB—Excellent blocker, strong on pull-outs and trap blocks.

VANDERKAM, RB—Durable, steady. Plugs middle well on defense, hard to fail.

NORMAN HAMILTON, LT—Aggressive, quick, exceptional blocker. Easier to block in than out, thus hard to trap.

BOB COOPER, RT—Does everything well.

JOHN MERRILL, LB—Excellent blocker, fair speed, fair receiver. Intelligent.

WES WILLIAMS, RC—Tall, rangy, good hands, a line receiver. Covers linebacker on defense, better against passes than runs. Not a great deal of speed.



CURTIS



DIKE



SWINK



WILLIAMS



HAMILTON



MERRILL



DIKE



SMITH



REEL



JOHNSON



COOPER



WILLIAMS

SYRACUSE



COACH BEN SCHWARTZWALDER'S Orangemen, whose only loss was to Pittsburgh, overwhelmed the rest of their opposition with pure power—the power of big, fast men and an offense which moves on the single-wing theory of applying the strongest possible blocking force at the point of attack. The Orange operates from a T with an unbalanced line to the right and depend primarily on a brutal running attack built around the magnificent Jimmy Brown. This All-America halfback, who weighs 218 pounds and runs like a sprinter, moves through the line with such force that frequently his teammates can afford to sit; their blocks as opposing linebackers ease the hole is opened. The Syracuse defense is aggressive and commits itself so quickly that an attack based on deception can frequently fool it with plays based on feints.

CHUCK JIMMERMAN, QB—An adequate but not a great quarterback. Only fair passer but good ball handler.

ALAN BROWN, FB—Big and tough, an honest single-wing type fullback. Good knee action, good blocker.

JIMMERMAN, LB—Great power, deceptive speed, can go inside or out. Blocks and plays defense very well, tackles viciously. Better against runs than passes.

JIM BROWN, RB—Good runner, fine receiver, best defensive back on team. Good blocker as well.

BILL BROWN, C—Probably best blocker on team. A strong, smart linebacker.

FRED RUCKEL, QB—Fair passer, ball handler. Good insurance quarterback.

BOB FARMER, LB—Pulse and blocks well. Strong, aggressive defender.

JOHN STROG, LB—Tall, bony, tough. Good speed, good pursuit on defense.

JOHN STROG, LT—Strong, hard to trap. Pulls both ways, blocks very well.

JOHN STROG, RT—Bully, very powerful, not too agile, but hard to move.

BOB RUCKEL, LB—Small, but a good receiver with good speed, hands.

BOB LADD, RB—Best defensive end. Tough, hard to block, aggressive.



JIMMERMAN



A. BROWN



B. BROWN



FARMER



STROG



RUCKEL



BROWN



BROWN



RUCKEL



STROG



STROG



LADD



SUGAR BOWL

TENNESSEE



COACH BOWDEN WYATT finished his rebuilding job at Tennessee by the end of his second year, and now his ambitious Volunteers are off to the Sugar Bowl. This team, which seldom makes a mistake, emphasizes the kicking game as a prime offensive weapon and can battle up an opponent with a punt better than any squad in the country. A mistake against Tennessee's ball-hawking defense is suicide. The Vols have recovered 21 enemy fumbles this year, turned 11 of them into touchdowns. They have picked off 16 enemy passes, run three back for scores and used seven others to set up scoring drives. In virtually every game Tennessee has been held even or out-gained by the enemy, yet they still win. Offensively Tennessee operates from the single wing and uses a balanced line. It is a team with a great long-gaining potential.

STORTENWAGEN, QB—Great blocking back, carries only on rare back-lateral.
TOMMY JACKSON, FB—Excellent sweep blocker, tremendous power through middle.
JOHN MAJORS, LB—Good at everything, no apparent weakness. Runs, passes, kicks—real triple threat All-American.
BILL ANDERSON, RB—Seldom carries—except on wingback reverses, has averaged 11 yards a carry. Excellent receiver.
BUBBA BOND, C—Kneeless line-backer, often just ball loose and recovers. A good blocker, lost when chips down.
AL CARTER, LB—Powerful runner, has speed and deception. Very weak defensively, is often caught out of position.

BRUCE BURNHAM, LB—Curiously underestimated all season, he blocks hard, leads with side off-tackle plays.
BILL JOHNSON, RB—Very fast, trails plays well, often dumps runner from behind on sweeps. Yields on straight power play.
CHARLIE BAKER, LT—Steady, unpretentious, fair speed, charges hard, can be overestimated though. His good initial contact.
JOHN GORDY, RT—Tremendous strength, difficult to move, leads team in tackles.
ROBERT BOND, LB—Best end in the South, tremendous receiver even with three runs on his foot, takes beautifully, good speed.
BOBBY WARD, RB—Strong on defense, good at dropping off on pass plays.



BOND



MAJORS



BOND



BURNHAM



BAKER



BOND



ANDERSON



BOND



CARTER



JOHNSON



GORDY



WARD

BAYLOR



COACH SAM BOYD'S Bears wound up third (3-3-0) in the Southwest Conference behind Texas A&M and TCU, but many feel they had more margin for error than any other team in the Conference. At many positions the second unit is the equal of the first, but defensively—and the Baylor defense is outstanding—the varsity has an advantage. Baylor used a 3-4 all the way and, despite the size of its line, had good speed and fine reactions. When Quarterback Doyle Traylor broke an anklebone in October and missed the last half of the season, hard times hit the Bears. The absence of his strong arm and leadership accounted in large part for the subsequent slaughter of the Bear attack. But Traylor has recovered rapidly and is expected to play against Tennessee. His imagination, ability as a passer and daring add dash to the offense.

BOBBY JONES, QB—Weakest position on team offensively and defensively.
BOBBY BOND, FB—Not an all-the-way threat, but has good drive. Can be taken on defense and moves up too fast on a pass. Blocks well.
BOB ANDERSON, LB—Slender runner, receiver with big hands, tremendous speed and agility. Defends better on passes.
BOBBY PETERS, RB—Basket-type runner with tendency to fumble. Fair speed, good blocker, average defensively.
LEE HARRINGTON, C—Good, steady center but not outstanding in any department.
BOBBY TRAYLOR, RB—Great punter and even greater inspirational force as a leader. His return could furnish big lift.

BILL GLASS, LB—Smart, speedy line backer, dogged pursuit, tackles all over field.
CHARLES MORTON, RB—Outstanding sophomore, plays middle guard, brutal on third mile blockers past returns, aggression.
BOBBY OLIVER, LT—Fast and quick for a big man. Very good at rubbing pass and containing him. Not a good blocker.
DAVE LONGFORD, RT—Tough but slow, poor punter, good blocker, hard to trap because he does not penetrate deeply.
EARL MILLER, LB—Has trouble against running plays to outside but receives nicely. Good blocker, adequate receiver.
JOHN MARSHALL, RB—Biggest asset is defense, cutting in wide stuff. Very good receiver, good blocker.



JONES



TRAYLOR



HARRINGTON



GLASS



OLIVER



MILLER



BOND



PETERS



TRAYLOR



MORTON



LONGFORD



MARSHALL

BAYLOR THREE-WAY PASS



THREE RECEIVERS ARE PLANNED for this year's meeting after a table at Pullman's Canyon will be set down to pull down the flag. The Bay Area's greatest football team will be the first to take the field. The Bay Area's greatest football team will be the first to take the field. The Bay Area's greatest football team will be the first to take the field.

right end, goes down and slanted to the right is front of the left safety. The right half, Thomas (44), runs the same route, but differently, pulling the linebacker with him, Jones drops back behind the blocking of the left half, Stuckey (77), and the center, Harrington (50), and Thomas is a makeshift receiver has worked long. Stuckey, who will be also fullback.





ORANGE BOWL

CLEMSON



COACH FRANK HOWARD'S Tigers won their first Atlantic Coast Conference title as a slow, ball-control team. They depend for the steady accumulation of short yardage on the power bursts of Fullback Rudy Hayes straight up the middle and the off-tackle running of Halfback Joel Wells. The passing, which comes off rollouts by the quarterback, is good enough to create the proper climate for the ground attack. Clemson is not deep; the difference in quality between the first and second units is decided. The defense—because position by position Clemson's personnel is not truly great—must concentrate on stopping the opponent's strongest threat and sometimes this means giving away valuable yardage to an opponent with several good weapons. Clemson is a sound and determined team, but a lack of real depth may hurt too much.

JO CHARLES BENDER, QB—Tall, smart, a good runner, fair passer. Good on short passes, but will try to throw long.

JOE HAYES, FB—Strictly a power runner, best blocker in backfield. Fair on defense, better against runs than passes.

JOEL WELLS, LB—Strong, hard runner who maneuvers well at top speed. Best of backs on both offense and defense.

JOE COLEMAN, RB—Quick on off-tackle shots, but not exceptional. Fair blocker, average defense.

BOBBIE BENTON, C—Very good line blocker, good speed, quick reaction. Blocks very well.

JO CHARLES MOORE, RB—Substitute for Coleman. Coach Howard likes his speed.

CHARLES BENDER, LB—Middleguard on defense, very quick, hard to block. Adequate blocker on offense.

JOE HAYES, RB—A very good line blocker, good punter, excellent tackler.

JOEL WELLS, LB—Great blocker, only average on defense.

JOE COLEMAN, RB—Slashing defensive tackle, aggressive. Fair blocker.

BOBBIE BENTON, LB—Strong, not fast, good defense. Good blocker, fair receiver.

JOEL WELLS, RB—Best pass receiver on team. Active, but not strong.



BENDER



WELLS



BENTON



MOORE



HAYES



COLEMAN



HAYES



COLEMAN



MOORE



BENTON



HAYES



COLEMAN

COLORADO



COACH DALLAS WARD'S Buffaloes represent the Big Seven by default, since a Conference rule prevents a team—that is, perennial champion Oklahoma—from going to the Orange Bowl in successive years. The second-place Buffs employ the unbalanced single wing with both style and power, but the team also uses some split T and emphasis speed off both formations. This is basically a running team but, under stress, has used the pass very well. Left Half Bob Stransky dominates the passing. So when the team wants to pass, it goes into single wing with Stransky at the tailback post. John Bayuk is the best fullback in the Conference, possibly in the country, and is very strong on that part of the fullback split series where he keeps and powers off guard. The defense, which changes often, may be too inflexible, too hard to adjust.

JOE BAYUK, FB—A super sophomore. Fine ball handler, strong blocker, fair passer. A dependable safety on defense.

JOHN BAYUK, RB—Key to Colorado attack. A starting fullback, tremendous inside threat. Blocks well, a good linebacker.

BOB STRANSKY, LB—Exceptional runner, good passer. Smart, quick defender.

JOE MOORE, RB—Very fast, good receiver, effective on weak side offense. Good pass defender.

JOE MOORE, C—Best linebacker, good punter, pass defense. Adequate blocker.

JOE MOORE, LB—Good punter, good passer. Hard, fast runner.

JOE MOORE, LB—Very quick, very tough. Blocks well, down inside on defense.

JOE MOORE, RB—Completed blocker. As middle linebacker he lays the defense.

JOE MOORE, LB—Principal punting line-man on offense. Great blocker, fast.

JOE MOORE, RB—A fine blocker, he throws the key block on sweeps. Not so good on defense.

JOE MOORE, LB—Key blocker on reverse, strong enough to handle tackle. Fine defensively.

JOE MOORE, RB—Even better than Leiby on defense, tremendous blocker. Both ends only fair receivers.



BAYUK



BAYUK



BAYUK



BAYUK



BAYUK



BAYUK



BAYUK



BAYUK



BAYUK



BAYUK



BAYUK



BAYUK

COLORADO FULLBACK SPINNER



STRICTLY POWER another of the broadside line combinations of the -pale wing, this play is particularly effective for Colorado because of the tremendous power of Fullback John Roark. Roark will take a down snap from the center, open to his right, take a handoff to the fullback. Down 11; swinging wide to his left. Then Roark will explode his spin and

drive through the left guard hole. The guard, Warren (66), and the wing, Dyer (55), double block the defensive side guard, drawing him in; the Colorado right guard, Jones (77), traps the defensive right tackle and the blocking back. Downer (44), leads the way through the hole. Left full back (34) breaks the tackle, then scores via the Endzone.



GATOR BOWL

GEORGIA TECH



COACH BOBBY DODD'S Yellow Jackets were second only to Tennessee in the Southeast Conference as the result of dropping a 6-6 squeaker to the Vols. Like former Dodd teams, they are without any glaring weaknesses. Offensively they run the belly route with great effort off-tackle, but watch Tech's "split wings" on playbooks to a bunch of speedy halfbacks. This team has bruising power up the middle as well as the speed to go wide. The downfield blocking is the best of any team in the South. The line is light, fast and quick-moving. The backs are small but shifty. Tech has the wherewithal to pass but does not use it much since it is primarily a ground-attack team, well drilled in fundamentals. Defensively Tech went through 1966 allowing only 33 points in 10 games, the lowest of any major football team in the U.S.

10 MARK MITCHELL, SR.—Wonderful ball handler, good taker. Defensive standout.
11 BEN OWEN, FR.—Work horse of Tech backfield, always good for the short gain.
12 PAUL MONTGOMERY, SR.—Great running back when right but has tendency to be erratic. Sure tackler, good slatback.
13 JIMMY THOMPSON, SR.—Small (148) but shifty, best inside for long gains.
14 BEN STEPHENSON, SR.—Key to Tech's defense. Often shoots gap, but drops back well against hook passes.
15 TERRY VARD, SR.—Best offensive quarterback. Watch for passes. Not good as defense but improving rapidly.

16 JIMMY JOHNSON, SR.—Keen on defense, great speed, punter. Trappable.
17 ALLEN FENDER, SR.—Plays the big game when needed. Can be trapped but is hard to keep out of play. A fine blocker.
18 CARL VERREN, LT.—Good on offense but on defense can be run through and over.
19 DONALD ANDERSON, SR.—Does everything adequately. Fine tackler, often stops sweeps in backfield. Very hard to move.
20 JERRY NABORS, SR.—Competent both ways. Good pass receiver, became starter in late season.
21 TERRY SMITH, SR.—Has speed to stop wide stuff, fine blocker, especially downfield.



MITCHELL



MONTGOMERY



STEPHENSON



JOHNSON



FENDER



VERREN



OWEN



THOMPSON



WARD



ANDERSON



NABORS



SMITH

PITTSBURGH



COACH JOHN MICHELOSEN'S Panthers may be the best team in the East. Miami, which was undefeated until meeting Pittsburgh in the final game of the season, rates the Panthers the most powerful team they encountered this year. The line is large and strong from end to end, perhaps one of the best defensive units in the country. Offensively, Pitt runs out of the split-T, but gangs its blockers in a manner reminiscent of the late Jack Sutherland's single-wing juggernauts. Though the Panthers seem to like power plays off-tackle, right and left, watch for occasional full-back counters and quarterback roll-outs. Quarterback Corry Salaterus likes to roll to the left and option to the right, although he will occasionally alternate the procedure. Pitt is a strong second-half team and probably will be at its best in the third quarter.

11 CORRY SALATERUS, SR.—Big, strong, a very good long passer, no decided weakness although his passes are often interrupted.
12 WALSH JELIC, FR.—Hard runner, good on the corner, receives passes well, excellent defensive player, good blocker.
13 BICKERMAN, SR.—Replaced Corry Cost who had an appendectomy. Coaches like him better on defense. Not as fast as Cost.
14 DON THEODORE, SR.—Good on offense, carries on tackle power plays and runs. Not too strong as corner back.
15 CHARLES BUCKENHAM, C.—Very good blocker, average on defense. Not a quick linemaster and a little weak on pass defense.
16 TOM JENKINS, FR.—Best punter, tough runner when he's right.

17 VINCE SCORRONE, LT.—Fast speed, leads interference, plays strong linebacker.
18 BOB MICHELMAN, SR.—Average, often hard as water guard on defense but his reactions are not too good.
19 BOB FULLOCK, LT.—Injured ankle has slowed him down but he is still tough. Best at defense with fast, good punter.
20 NORMAN CARL, SR.—Does not have Fullock's mobility. Will stop anything straight at him but can be shifted.
21 BOB WALTON, LT.—A true All-American and either defensively or offensively. Has no known weaknesses. Watch him on passes.
22 BOB BOONBROOK, SR.—Rugged, with good hands. Caught TD passes against Army and Penn State. Braining type end.



SALATERUS



JELIC



BICKERMAN



THEODORE



BUCKENHAM



JENKINS



SCORRONE



MICHELMAN



FULLOCK



CARL



WALTON



BOONBROOK

**GEORGIA TECH
OUTSIDE DELLY**

THE BULLY OF GEORGIA has many legends, the most famous being the bull in the railroad's yard which once ate a couple of eggs. Another item is the boy in the Georgia Tech office. It is difficult because the closer you get to the railroad (the yard) the more obvious the bull gets. Blinded by the headlights, rode with railroad crews (4), pulled

The difference left over is with the taxes. That the problem can be left until December 31, also allows for the political maneuver with the right-hand "Thompson" gun, namely, the recent barbarism act. The after-tax right and "Smith" act, based itself on the debtors and is held in the hands of the Treasury's safety, then goes on downfield to take over the safety.



THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

THEY ALSO SERVED . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM NICHOLS



INQUIRYMEN ALSO INCLUDED BY U.S. TRACK AND FIELD MEN: HUNGARIAN ATHLETE (LISTED) CAREFULLY AS OFFICIALS EXPLAIN TO THEM HOW

INJURED WATERPOLO PLAYER SABER COMPLETES QUESTIONNAIRE



U.S. VICE-CONSUL, C. H. YORK (SECOND FROM LEFT) OFFERS ADRIAN



If they could do little else, the 38 lonely Hungarians in the now almost deserted Olympic Village at Melbourne furnished, along with the thousands of other refugees in Vienna and elsewhere, a valuable and poignant reminder

of their country's fate. Although they had been cleared by Australian immigration authorities and made proper application for asylum in the U.S., they were still held up by Washington red tape. They could only sit and wait



THEY CAN GET TO AMERICA



AT THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE DINING HALL, HUNGARIANS TAKE TIME OUT TO EAT BUT STILL TALK OF FREEDOM

TO SWIMMER KATALIN SZECSE



MARGOT KORMENDI SELLS FINE PLAYING DUMMY WITH TEAMMATES WHILE FOLLOWING HUNGARY NAUTY RELEASES

WONDERFUL WORLD
continued

GOLF AT THE SUMMIT



AS ST. LAURENT PLAYS FAIRWAY GOLF, PARTNERED BY BAILEY, MASSON PRO, AND MISS. MISS O'BONNELL, ST. LAURENT'S DAUGHTER (LEFT),

IN GEORGIA

President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent of Canada discussed world problems last week in the relaxed and companionable atmosphere of the Augusta National Golf Course.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERBERT R. KELLEY—LIFE



EISENHOWER AND ST. LAURENT (CENTERS) POSSE WITH PARTNERS



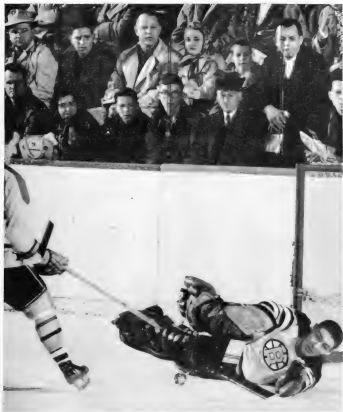
EISENHOWER AND ST. LAURENT WALKING THROUGH WITH PARTNERS

WAVING ST. LAURENT WALKS OFF WITH EISENHOWER



EISENHOWER AND ST. LAURENT WALKING ON. MATCH ENDED, OFFICIALLY, IN A TIE

THE BRUINS BOUNCE BACK



The most remarkable and unexpected development of the National Hockey League campaign is the Boston Bruins. A fifth-place pair last season, they have been leading the league since November 8. This swift renaissance was credited largely to: 1) Coach Milt Schmidt, who decided that teams roared by nice guys seldom finish on top and transformed himself into a blustering martinet; 2) new

and exuberantly helpful fans in Defensemen Allan Stanley and Jack Hensla, Center Jack Caffery, Right Wing Larry Regan; 3) the switch of sturdy Doug Mohns from forward to defense, where he has already scored more points than last season; and 4) Terry Sawchuk (below), who, with dependable checking in front of him, is demonstrating that he has no peer in the terrifying act of goal tending.



Slidding in front of the puck, Boston goalie Terry Sawchuk makes a plucky, able save off the stick of Montreal's Boom Boom Geoffrion in a 1-1 tie at Boston Garden. Sawchuk was down again last week, this time in a battle with infectious mononucleosis, but is expected back by December 27. The fortunes of the high-riding Bruins depend to a large part on how they fare until the skillful goalie, who holds the modern NHL career record of 68 shutouts, can get on his pads again.

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY JAMES HANCOCK



TRIPLE GOLD MEDAL WIMBLES BOBBY NERROW, WIFE JO ANN AND COACH OLIVER JACKSON RIDE IN PARADE THROUGH OREMTOWN, UTAH.



GLAD TO HAVE YOU HOME



350-POUND Wright Lifter Paul Anderson hugs mother and Flairide Gail Taylor at Atlanta.



6-FOOT 10-INCH Basketball Center Bill Russell and bride, former Rose Swisher, get into limousine after marriage in Oakland, Calif. Methodist church.



100-POUND Champion Tom Courtney takes



SPRINTER AND WIFE (CENTER) GOT AWAY TO EAT; RETIRED TO SUITE (RIGHT) WHERE SIGN INSIDE DOOR READ "BOBBY MORROW SUITE HERE"

Parades, motorcades, bands, speeches, keys to the city, banquets, receptions, kisses from mothers, wives, fiancées; all the wonderfully warm and noisy ceremony with which

Americans like to welcome home their heroes last week greeted the returning Olympic gold medal winners at airports, main streets and campuses across the nation

VICTORY RIDE ONTO THE FOREIGN CAPITAL



OLYMPIC CHAMPION Pat McCormick shows medal to husband Glenn, son Timothy, mother-in-law at Long Beach, Calif.



BUTTERFLY VICTOR Bill Young is met at Windsor Locks, Conn. airport by his mother and Francis Martha Thompson.

THE HOT STOVE EXPLODES

Baseball's quiet season went wild as Brooklyn sent Jackie Robinson to the hated Giants

by ROBERT CREAMER

"Honestly, I was stunned. I felt the way I did when Shirley Temple got married. I just couldn't believe that many years had passed, that she was that old. It was the end of something, the end of an era. Well, it's that way with this thing. It seems impossible that Robinson has played 10 full seasons with Brooklyn, and that it's all over. Honestly, I can't believe it. I can't realize it. . . ."

THIS MORNING last week a mature man, a man who follows baseball, a man who cheers for the Brooklyn Dodgers, Others felt differently about Jackie Robinson, symbol of Brooklyn baseball, and the fact that he'd been traded from the Dodgers to the New York Giants, the very symbol of Dodger animosity. Some were stunned. Some, Dodger fans and Giant fans alike, hated it. Some, mostly Giant fans, loved it. But few failed to react in amazement to the startling news that exploded on the relatively quiet winter baseball scene—news that seemed to transcend baseball and reach the proportions of a major sociological event.

Metropolitan newspapers carried banner headlines across the top of the front page, relegating Hungary and East to less conspicuous columns beneath. The New York Times even ran an editorial pointing out that "Robinson is a national symbol."

For Robinson himself, it was a hectic time. E. J. (Duke) Bawel, vice-president of the Dodgers, had been trying to get in touch with him, according to Milton Gross, of *The New York Post*. Jackie had said to his wife, Rachel, "There's either a trade for me or else there's a spot for me to manage."

He phoned Bawel from a telephone booth in New York, where he and Mrs. Robinson were spending the day. When he came out of the booth he told Rachel, "I've been traded to the Giants."



JACKIE ROBINSON, SON DAVID, 4, AND WIFE, RACHEL, AFTER READING THE NEW YORK

His, wife, astonished, could not speak. Later, as they drove back to their home in Stamford, Conn., they reacted like most intelligent, considerate parents would. They thought of their oldest boy, a Dodger fan of 10. A Lorraine Durocher or a Ray Maglie or a Rachel Robinson can take a deep breath, think things over rationally, and switch her baseball allegiance, even radically—as from Brooklyn to New York, or New York to Brooklyn. But to a boy of 10 a baseball allegiance is as real as allegiance to one's country, and it is to the great credit of Rachel and Jack Robinson that they realized this and broke the news to their son as gently as they could. Even so, there were tears.

Next day, with young Jackie and his sister Sharon in school, the gross descended on Stamford. Photographers took pictures of the Robinsons with their youngest child, 4-year-old David—happy pictures, smiling pictures. David was smiling because of all the excitement of the photographers, and his parents were smiling because of David. In time, of course, Rachel and

Jack will accept the whole idea of Giants instead of Dodgers as easily as David does now. So will Sharon. And maybe even young Jackie will too.

On the other hand, young Jackie may decide to show the independence of Jack Tighe's 14-year-old son. Tighe is the personable new manager of the Detroit Tigers. A year or so ago, when Jack was a Tiger coach, his son Bobby met Yogi Berra of the New York Yankees. It was a casual meeting, but a few days later Tighe and his son were turned into Yogi again. You could excuse a man for forgetting a child's name in such a situation, but without hesitation Yogi greeted the boy.

"Hi, Bobby," he said warmly, like an old friend. It was love, or at least love worship, at first sight.

Well, time games, and Jack Tighe was promoted to manager of the Tigers. His son, naturally, was immensely proud and pleased. But, Tighe reports with rueful pride, the boy's face grew serious and he cautioned his father: "Dad, just one thing. Don't think this is going to make me stop rooting for the Yankees." (E.E.)

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

A CREDIT TO THE GAME ■ HERE AND LOW, VIC AND KEN ■ FRIENDS
OF ART LARSEN ■ GEORGE BREEN AND THE NONPARTICIPATING
AUDIENCE ■ A NEW GOLF HAZARD ■ MOSBY KING'S LAST DAY

MERRY CHRISTMAS

IT IS THE TIME for Season's Greetings, and Sports Illustration would like to join in with a Merry Christmas to its readers and to the athletes and sportsmen who gave them good reading during the past year. And we want to say a special Merry Christmas—wherever they may spend it—to the 28 Hungarian Olympic team members who chose freedom.

THE NEW PRO

THREE WEEKS before Bill Russell's agents before he turned professional. He promised President Eisenhower he would represent his country in basketball at Melbourne. He promised to play two final games with the U.S. Olympic team in a Chicago tournament for the benefit of the 1932 Olympic Fund. And he wanted to marry pretty Rose Kathryn Swisher. Last weekend, with all these appointments completed, Russell signed a contract to play professionally for the Boston Celtics of the National Basketball Association, ending one of the most exciting careers in amateur basketball history.

In his long ascent to athletic fame, Bill Russell had to learn everything the hard way. He was still a gangling and growing boy of 6 feet 7 inches when he arrived at the University of San Francisco, and, as he once explained, "I didn't know anything about basketball." But he repaid the patient efforts of his coach, Phil Woolpert, with hours and days of sweaty, bone-wearying work that turned him into one of the supreme college athletes of his time. When fame was finally his—at Melbourne (where he proved a real charmer) and last weekend in Chicago—he wore it over his 6-foot 10-inch frame

with becoming modesty. Basketball—in fact, all sport—is better because of Bill Russell, and without doubt the Celtics will be better with him in the lineup.

A YEAR FOR BUILDING IT

ALTHOUGH THE OLYMPIANS had departed, the news from Australia was far from over—and far from encouraging. The reports had it that the U.S. Davis Cup team was dissatisfied with its practice facilities at Perth, but worse than that was the word that a shoulder injury had drastically reduced the effectiveness of Vic Seixas, the Old Reliable of the squad. Nobody, of course, honestly believed the Americans would lose the Intertele Final to India, but just the same the stories thrown down under served as a handy re-

minder of an unhappy possibility.

Anyway, it's all over now, and following the American 4-1 victory, William F. Talbert, the U.S. nonplaying captain and Sports Illustration's tennis columnist, cabled this report of the matches: "Just before our Davis Cup tie with India someone asked Naresh Kumar, the dapper playing captain of the Indians, if he had made airline reservations to take his team from Perth to Adelaide, where the Challenge Round will be played. Kumar showed an expanse of white teeth beneath his black pencil moustache and replied laughingly, 'No, as a matter of fact I haven't, but I am sure if we win Billy Talbert will let us avail ourselves of his tickets.'

"I am happy to say that this situation did not present itself, although

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

■ Seven-foot Bonanza

With Chamberlain, Kansas' new basketball wonder and heir to Bill Russell's collegiate laurels, is already big box office in the Midwest: Iowa State's 7,000-seat arena is sold out for the Jan. 14 Kansas game. Nebraska has no reserve seats for Feb. 9. Colorado will award free chairs at March 2 Kansas tickets to students with perfect attendance at seven earlier home games.

■ After the Cup, the Contract

Australia's Ken Rosewall is ready to turn pro and join Jack Kramer's tennis tour (at \$25,000 for the season) as soon as the Davis Cup matches are over. His teammate, Lew Hoad, will probably remain amateur for another year.

■ From Track to Field

John Landy, third in the Olympic 1,500-meter race but still world-record holder (3:53) for the mile, announced he will retire after the Australian track and field championships at Melbourne next March. Landy said he will get his exercise playing Australian-style amateur football.

■ Management Looks at Labor

David Galney, a repert of the University of Minnesota and a former director of the N.A.M., labeled the Big Ten's plan to grant football scholarships on the basis of need "too socialist." Said Galney, "If they're hiring the kid to play football, they ought to pay him whether his old man's rich or not."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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there were some anxious moments for us all in that opening match when Herbie Flam was trying to stall off leg cramps and defeat at the same time. If India's very fine young player, Rameshnan Krishnan, had not also ran out of steam in the fifth set—when he led Flam 3-2 in games and love-44 as Flam's service—there might have been a different story to tell. After Flam had staggered and puffed his way to a marathon victory, old Vic Selous easily beat Kumar; and then the next day Vic teamed with Sam Glanville to win the doubles and clinch the title.

"I can't describe how much pressure this took off our boys. Incidentally, gaining the Challenge Round meant \$80,000 to the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association. For that's what the team can expect to bring back from Adelaide, where there is a guaranteed capacity crowd of 17,000 a day. This will pay the tremendous expense of our trip: six players at \$1,000 per man, or a total of \$18,000." Now we can point to the Australians without any distractions. It is a good feeling. We realize we are perhaps the biggest underdogs in the history of this great tennis competition. We feel sort of like a team of Davids going out against Goliath, but psychologically we have a lot going for us: we are expected to lose, so we can be loose and free and about the works. On the other hand, the Australians know they must win or be disgraced in the eyes of the tennis world. The pressure is heavy upon them, as the cliché goes.

"The question I must ask and answer before the first ball is hit at Adelaide Dec. 26 is: are Selous and Flam capable of beating Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall? If developments in practice during the next few days convince me that they are not capable of this achievement and that this Davis Cup battle is almost certain to go the way four of the last five have gone, then it may be incumbent upon me to throw in the youngsters [Glanville and Mike Green] and mark it off to valuable experience. We have to start building some time. This may be the year."

WHERE WERE YOU ON D-PLUS-2?

DURING the eight years he spent on the world's championship tennis courts, Art Larsen could never quite live up to the reputations of such fellow Californians as Ellsworth Vines, Don Hodge, Jack Kramer and Pancho Gonzales. To be sure, he won the U.S.

singles championship in 1940, but he was a soft-stroking southpaw who had to rely on inspired competitive determination to supplement his rather ordinary strokes. Not only that, but as a youth with a flair for center-court dramatics and off-court high jinks, he found himself listed as a "bad boy" in the books of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association. In Genoa last year he created a minor international stir by slarming a ball at a ballboy in a fit of bad temper. On another occasion he yelled to a Paris mother in the stands, "I can't play with your baby crying," and thereby nearly loosened the seams of Franco-American friendship.

But, despite his troubles, Larsen kept trooping along in his own careless way, an entertaining character to most of his fellow players. With a penchant for enjoying himself and teasing the tennis brass, he would say, "This amateur tennis racket is a good life, and I like it." As a matter of fact, he was lucky to be alive to enjoy the good life. During World War II, Larsen, who had once been a promising tennis prospect on the municipal courts of his home town of San Leandro, was an infantry machine-gunner, hitting Omaha Beach on D-plus-2 and campaigning all the way to the Rhine. After the Battle of the Bulge he was never quite sure what had happened to him, but he was separated from his unit for two days. At the end of the war he had six battle stars, two unit citations, a case of badly shattered nerves and a most indecisive future. It was then that James B. Moffet, an old tennis friend from San Francisco, took charge and guided Art through a program of readjustment. Moffet, who is a USLTA committeeman, revived Art's interest in tennis and helped boost him to the top rungs of the game. Wherever Art's eccentricities got the best of him on the big-time circuit, Moffet would shout to impatient officials, "Where the hell were you guys on D-plus-2?"

Through it all Moffet never lost his faith in Larsen or his affection for him. "I've helped a lot of players," he says, "but none of them was ever as grateful as Art. He was always generous, but extremely sensitive. After a match he'd wonder out loud to me, 'Jim, why don't I get more applause?'"

The tennis career of Art Larsen ended abruptly six weeks ago. Riding his motor scooter along San Francisco's Eastern Freeway at dusk, Art was thrown into a culvert, his skull smashed and the entire left side of his body lacerated. That night in the Castro Valley's Eden Hospital an operation was

performed to remove clotting from the brain. For 26 days Larsen lay unconscious, and today, although he can utter a few tragically incoherent phrases, the former champion has total paralysis of his right side and has lost the sight of his right eye.

The cost of Larsen's hospitalization is tremendous, perhaps as high as \$100 a day, and far too much for his father, a retired California highway patrolman, to shoulder alone. So a group of his tennis friends have rallied to the support of an idea proposed by Doris Hart and quickly seconded by such people as Don Hodge, Dick Savitt, Budge Patty and Jack Kramer. These and others will stage a series of benefit matches beginning on Jan. 11 in New York's Seventh Regiment Armory (tickets and information available at the office of World Tennis, 82 Beaver Street, New York). In making the announcement a solemn and serious Budge summed up the feeling of men who have known Art. "I think Larsen is one of the best specimens of all time. Now I'd like to see a real tennis show—to show the sort of fine gesture that tennis is capable of on behalf of one fine kid who needs our help."

HONOR WITHOUT CHEERS

IN THE FIRST PLACE, the 1,500-meter swim is not the most exciting event in the world for spectators. In the second place, Melbourne, unlike Sydney several hundred miles to the northeast, is able to control its enthusiasm for swimming. In the third place, this particular event was only a qualifying heat, and so had to share the crowd's interest with a concurrent competition in platform diving and the public-address system's preoccupation with announcements of illegally parked cars and lost parcels. And yet, for the few who recognized the drama, this qualifying heat was to be one of the most treasured memories of the 1956 Olympic Games.

In an earlier heat, the two 17-year-olds, Murray Rose of Australia and Toshiyuki Yamataka of Japan, had battled it out. Rose took first place with a new Olympic record of 16:4.01, with Yamataka touching only a fraction of a second behind him. The times of both men were within four seconds of the world record of 17:28.5 that Rose had hung up a month before to break the existing record held by George Breen, the 21-year-old American.

Now it was Breen's turn to qualify. It was also time for a competitive

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"Now, girls, this is your opportunity. You don't let Java shout! Right? You gotta fight out there! Right? It's your first Row Boat! Right? O.K. Now, we got these created pretty good and we exchanged movies and we figure right here's their weak spot. She gets off slow, hauledrag, squawky noise. . . ."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 28

round of platform diving, scheduled on the theory that the L-500—all by itself—is a long and dull race.

As Brown took off from the starting blocks in a field of five, some spectators idly followed his churning progress, fascinated that any man could thrash along so hard for more than a quarter of an hour. But most people followed the divers. The loudspeakers interrupted the diving scoring to give three interval clockings for Brown's heat, yet there was never a hint that George was swimming faster than any man had swum before. He hit the 100-meter mark in 1:37.5. As he rolled on the turn at 500 meters, Brown cast an eye at the clock. It read 3:11, within three-tenths of a second of the existing world record.

For 800 meters Brown churned on, strangely stopping up the pace in the laps where ordinarily he fades a bit. As he touched into the finish, almost a length in front of his nearest opponent, Brown got a desultory round of applause. Then, in a tone of almost utter boredom, the loudspeakers spoke: "The results of the third heat of the 1,500 meters. First, George Brown, the United States. Time, 17:52.18. This is a new world and Olympic record." There was some polite hand clapping, but few real cheers.

George Brown had taken the 1,500-meter record back from Murray Rose and fewer than a thousand of the 5,200 persons in the stadium had seen him do it. When the word got around, a woman in the upper tier of seats complained: "They ought to tell us when things like that are happening!"

The whole world was told, a little later, that Murray Rose had won the gold medal in the 1,500-meter final, with Yamataka of Japan second and George Brown third.

"I don't have any excuses," said George when it was all over. "I've got the record and Murray's got the gold medal. I guess we'd both rather have the medal. This is going to be one of my memories. It's not really the end of everything. I'm going to keep on swimming. So I've lost one, but I still have a town, my folks and my school and a girl at school to go back to."

A DOG'S LIFE

THEY WILL TELL you down in Tennessee that there is nothing quite so smart as a good hunting dog. No one knows this better than Alton Carver, who values his dog at \$400 and was

understandably alarmed when he lost him recently. Settling out in his automobile, Carver retrieved the dog and was driving happily homeward when he wrecked the car, burning it to ashes. In the resulting confusion the frightened dog slipped away again.

Carver then collected his father and the family truck and eventually recovered his dog for the second time. On the way home once more he cranked up the truck, and both Carvers had to be parked off to the hospital for repairs. The dog? He walked home.

GOLFER'S DILEMMA

THE PERSONALIZED golf ball, imprinted with the name of its owner (like has some stamped "Mr. President"), is a jolly thought for Christmas giving, but donors and donees should bear in mind that the personalized golf ball, like many another modern boon, can have some awkward side effects. Among the first case histories to be reported:

Man found ball imprinted with name John P. Dowd. Man happened to know this particular Dowd, so stuffed ball in bag, intending to return it to Dowd at first opportunity. Saw Dowd at railroad station, said, "By the way, Dowd, I have a personalized golf ball of yours and will give it to you next time I see you at the club." Man did not happen to see Dowd at club. Saw Dowd at cocktail party, at theater, at supermarket, at gasoline station, said: "Don't forget I have that personalized ball of yours. Dowd. Remind me to give it to you next time I see you at the club." Again man went to club, again did not see Dowd. Saw Dowd at cocktail, at bowling alley, at church bazaar. Said, "Dowd, I've been meaning to get that personalized golf ball of yours

back to you. Remind me," etc., etc. Hurtled Dowd, "For Pete's sake, go ahead and use the ball and stop talking about it!"



Man offended by Dowd's tone and anyway could not see how, unless he played at night, could do anything so obviously ludicrous. Next day Dowd got personalized ball back by mail. It was rushed to a parceler so it would fit into first-class envelope.

KING OF YALE

THEY WERE AWAKENED of Mosey King at Yale the other day, and someone recalled the veteran boxing coach's aversion to crossing streets. "Funny," one said, "he was never scared of anything in the ring. He used to celebrate New Year's with a swim in Long Island Sound. But he hated to cross streets. Used to duck his head down and run like he was afraid he was gonna be hit."

Mosey never was punch shy. He had 135 fights in his youth, and, though he took a lot of leather, he was never knocked out. When he came to Yale in 1906 to become boxing coach, he was New England lightweight champion, a protégé of Gentleman Jim Corbett.

In his 55 years as boxing coach, Mosey became as much a symbol of Yale athletics as Handsome Dan, the bulldog. He coached Eddie Egan, the great Olympic light heavyweight and later boxing commissioner of New York. The playwright Eugene O'Neill was also coached by King.

Although Yale dropped intercollegiate boxing in 1937, the college didn't retire Mosey officially until 1952, when he was 68. Maybe it was the unbreakable habit of half a century, maybe just his devotion to sport, but Mosey continued to work informally each day with undergraduates who enjoyed boxing for exercise. "I wouldn't know what to do with myself if I didn't come to the gym," he said.

Last week, as was his habit, Mosey spent the afternoon in the Payne Whitney gym. He taped up the hands of a couple of young boxers, gave others a few pointers and called it a day.

Outside, he ducked his head and started to run across the street. Before he reached the other side a car struck him, and four hours later he was dead.



EPITAPH

I stood down the fairway from my partner As he bellored "fore" from the tee. But for once in his life he forgot to cloy, So he hooked and belated me.

—WILLIAM LEXBOTT

NOW THE PLAYOFF

It has been 10 years since the Chicago Bears and the New York Giants, once the powers of pro football, reached the championship playoff. Now they meet again, and, though the cast has changed, the plot is more exciting than ever.

When last Chicago Bears slammed the Detroit Lions into defeat 38-31 last Sunday, an old legend took new life. For this was the Bears of an early era, an era which gave them the name "Monsters of the Midway" and made the word "Bears" synonymous with the roughest football in the world. Against the Lions, the Bears asked no quarter and gave none, and the cockles of Owner George Halas' heart must have been warm indeed as he cheered his employees to the Western Conference title. The day before, the New York Giants had punched out a methodical 21-7 victory over the Philadelphia Eagles to win the Eastern Conference championship. For the Bears and the Giants, division championships ended a 10-year exile to the land of the also-rans. Time was when pro football was the Chicago Bears and the New York Giants, with an occasional rude interruption of their dual domination by the Washington Redskins or the Green Bay Packers.

The inevitable mathematics of the pro draft, which gives the last-place team first pick of college seniors,

put the two teams down to size in time. The rebuilding process was long and arduous. The Giants traded first-draft choices freely for proved veterans to regain their strength; the Bears drafted very carefully, filled one chink after another in their armor. Now the teams are ready, and to old pro fans their meeting for the championship brings fond memories of Ken Strong and Bronko Nagurski, Sid Luckman and Tuffy Leemans, BullDog Turner and Mel Hein. The misted time wasp the old stars with legendary prowess, but the stars of today are probably their equals in almost any department. Not only that, but the drama of a meeting between the Giants and the Bears for pro football's championship has the added flavor of a Dempsey-Tunney rematch for men's eyes.

DRAWING BY
ROBERT SCHULZ

GIANT POWER is clear in 30-year drawing of Gillett (14) and岑岑.

FOR PRO PLAYOFF SCOUTING REPORTS, TURN PAGE



BEARS VS. GIANTS



CHICAGO



COACH PAUL BRINKCLAW'S Western champions possess an attack as perfectly balanced as that of any football team in memory. Ed Brown, the quarterback, throws very well both short and long and calls an intelligent game. The running of Rick Casares at fullback provides both up-the-middle sock and outside speed. With J. C. Caroline now playing offensive halfback, the Bears have tremendous breaking speed. Add the best pair of offensive ends in the league—the magnificent Harlan Hill and the very capable Gene Schneider—and the Bear attack presents a nearly impossible problem. They have too a fine slot back in big Bill McColl, who is agile and strong enough to fight free for passes and fast enough to block effectively on runs. The Bear defense is sturdy against a ground attack but occasionally uncertain against sharp passing.

10 ED BROWN, QB. Hazzardously hampered into last long passer in pro football and very good on short throws too. Smart, reliable man.

11 RICK CASARES, FB. Top ground-pusher in the league. Great speed, great power and surprising shiftness.

12 BILL MCCOLL, LB. A big, tough end who plays difficult slot back spot well. Strong blocker, good receiver.

13 ROBERT MATRINS, RB. Good speed, passer. Hits quickly, hard to knock down.

14 HARLAN HILL, LB. Misting speed, a great faker, wonderful hands. The best receiver in football today.

15 GENE SCHNEIDER, RB. Lacks Hill's speed, but is fast and has great hands.

16 WAYNE HANSEN, LB. One of toughest middle linebackers in league. Closest middle, reacts quickly, can move well on passes.

17 BILL GOODEN, LB. Very smart, hard to fake. Strong, covers outside very well.

18 STAN WELSHAW, LB. Quick, smart and solid tackle. A major link in line circulate of linebackers in the league.

19 J. C. CAROLINE, LB. Can be fooled but speed, quick reactions help him recover. Very elusive manner on offense.

20 RAY SMITH, RB. Quick, smart defense man. Schlessen faked out of position. Good tackler.

21 FRED WILLIAMS, EBT. A typical pro tackle. Hard to move, plays position, refuses to cheat fakes.



BROWN



MCCOLL



CASARES



HANSEN



GOODEN



WELSHAW



HILL



SCHNEIDER



MATRINS



CAROLINE



WILLIAMS

NEW YORK



COACH JIM LEE HOWELL'S Eastern champions do many things aptly and some just adequately. Frank Gifford, Alex Webster and Mel Triplett are the best set of running backs in football today. Gifford is an exceptional receiver, a good passer, very fast and tough to tackle. Triplett, the Horvath fullback, is a power runner and fine blocker. Webster runs a cutback superbly, adding both power and speed. The quarterbacking, with Charley Conerly and Don Marich, is intelligent and experienced but not brilliant. The flaws in the offense are a lack of really blinding speed at end or running ability at quarterback to lead more variety in the attack. The Giants, because of these shortcomings, are divided the threat of a long pass. The defense against running is magnificent, but against passing there is a soft spot on the right side of the secondary.

10 CHARLIE CONERLY, QB. Fabled veteran who passes well. Hits on sidelines studying opponents during early part of game.

11 DON MARICH, QB. Good passer, good ball handler. Alert, adept at picking backs in the defense.

12 FRANK GIFFORD, LB. Probably best halfback in league. Runs, blocks, passes and is a very fine receiver.

13 ALEX WEBSTER, RB. A slanting, tough runner with tremendous impact. Quite beautifully with no loss of speed.

14 MEL TRIPLETT, FB. Great blocker, driving runner. His tendency to fumble.

15 WOLFE MARR, LB. Best fader in the league. Had knee have cost him speed, but he is wicked on short passes.

16 SAM HUFF, LB. Great speed and quick reactions for big man. A drifty tackler, good on pass defense. Sometimes overzealous.

17 BILL GOODEN, LB. Intelligent, quick. Usually strong against runs or passes.

18 ELMER TUNNELL, RB. Not fast, but reacts quickly, particularly on passes. A hard tackler who is seldom out of position.

19 ARMY HODGESWELL, EBT. Defends well against runs, drops off as well to stop passes or else puts great pressure on passer.

20 HODGESWELL, EBT. Tremendous agility for 275-pounder. Sure tackler, closes inside beautifully. Has been trapped.

21 DON MARICHOWSKI, LB. Great initial charge, but still hard to trap. With Grier, makes passer very odd.



CONERLY



GIFFORD



TRIPLETT



HUFF



GOODEN



TUNNELL



WEBSTER



MARR



MARICH



HODGESWELL

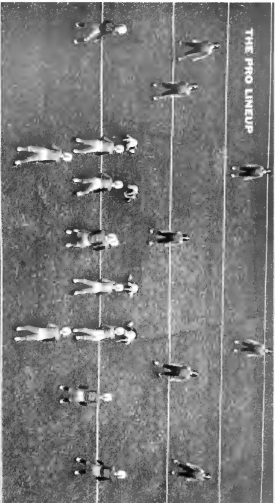


MARICHOWSKI



HODGESWELL

THE PRO LINEUP

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THE PROS REASSEMBLE AT LOS ANGELES

by JAMES MURRAY

The first week in January traditionally signifies another rich L.A. Open and the hectic start of the golf pros' annual cross-country circuit trek

On this January 30 of January 4, 1957, as the postdawn mist lifts slowly from the green hollows and eucalyptus hills of the Rancho Golf Course in Los Angeles, a young man in visored cap, practice-swinging a top-heavy club, will stand silhouetted against the morning sky. He will pause a minute and stare toward the broadened fairway. Out there lies Torquemada—7,131 backbreaking yards of sipping-strewn torture. The rack.

The young man will draw a deep breath, then step purposefully to the teed-up ball. The club will be a straboscopic blur as it describes its arc into the ball. A resounding *thwack* will cut the chilly air, and the white sphere will streak out of sight into the veil of fog. The 1957 tournament golf season will be under way. For this will be the start of the 31st Los Angeles Open, the rich and venerable tournament which has since 1925 touched off for America's professional stars the annual quest for golf glory and money that will end some 40 cities (and millions dollars in prize money) later.

The chances are that our young golfer—who is only one of 144 qualifiers and gets the first starting time because of his complete inconsequentialness—will long since have gone back to selling cars or repairing clubs in the pro shop by the time the 1957 tournament trail ends. But there is a chance, too, that he—or someone like him in the dew-soaked brigade—will go on to become one of the famous first-tier silhouettes in golf history. It was in 1932, in this tournament, that a young man in ill-fitting slacks (with the hip pockets run together and his entire poke of \$75 thrust deep in them) first took his stance on a pre-dugout tee. A month later he was back home in Texas, broke, but there would have been more than the official scorer and his fellow players on that tee in 1932 if the golf world had known what an historic occasion it was—the debut of Ben Hogan.

There may be a Ben Hogan (but not the original) being up with the sun at Los Angeles next month. But there will also be the current elite of the golf world, and the probability is they will cow the future Ben Hogan as thoroughly as MacDonald Smith, Lee Degeel and Joe Kirkwood did the old one in that vintage year, 1932.

The noon starting times, when the anticipated crowd of 25,000 will be out on the new municipal course across the street from 20th Century-Fox film studios, will not offer neophytes but the adored heroes of the game—Doug Ford,

still playing as though the sheriff were after him; Cary Middlecott, still agonizing over every shot like a new father trying to put a diaper on baby; Gene Littler, compact, poker faced, methodical; Tommy Bolt, a volcanic temper still bubbling close to the surface and threatening to erupt all over and leave the Pompeian ruins of a first-rate golf game; Ed Oliver, still peering around his belly to see his lie; Jackie Burke, curly haired, invulnerably boyish-looking but playing with the new confidence of a man who finally won two major tournaments (Masters, PGA); Jerry Barber, barely taller than his two-iron, desperately letting out the shaft on all shots just to stay on the same fairway with his threesomes, but deadly on the greens; Dutch Harrison, the smiling Quack who looks as though he ought to have a black hat with bullet holes in it and a long-barreled hunting rifle instead of a golf club in his hand.

Although Rancho as a tournament course is not as grueling a test of golf as either earlier Los Angeles Open sites, notably Riviera, it has been made considerably tougher than it was last year. A wartime anticircraft installation, it was taken over by the city in 1949 and will be beautiful and stern when the 3,500 new trees (340 of them planted in the last four months) grow up. For this tourney, its 6,642 yards have been lengthened by moving back the tees on four holes. Host Pro Charley Lacey, who learned his golf in England in the heyday of Henry Cotton and once carried Tommy Armour to the 38th green in a PGA semifinal match, thinks Rancho will test the mettle of the

(text continued on page 37)

FOOTPRINTS ON THE FAIRWAY

The air is chilly and dew sparkles on the fairways as a sparse but eager gallery tramps through the morning haze after one of the Los Angeles Open's early-starting threesomes. Later in the day the January sun will burn hot from a cloudless sky, and thousands of gaily dressed southern Californians will swarm the course to watch and applaud the always mawkish skill of the name stars: Middlecott, Mangrum, Littler, Burke, et al. But that is later, and the early-morning fans content themselves by watching the lesser-knowns, on the theory that one of them may someday develop into another Ben Hogan or Ben Sneed.





JACK TURNESA, AN URBAN GOLFER, STARTS HIS SWING DURING THE 1950S. THE GOLFER IS SHOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS SWING, WITH HIS CLUB HEAD DOWN AND HIS BODY TILTED BACK.

LOS ANGELES GOLF

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tearing peas and produce another worthy winner for the tournament whose roll of champions reads almost like a Who's Who of golf (see below). "The winner will be one of the top 10 players," Daily predicts Lacey. "And if any wind is blowing at all, he will not break 280."

If the wind blows or the rain falls, it will spoil more than golf. It will spoil what is unquestionably a number-one spectator show. A southern California golf gallery is a democratic hodgepodge which will range from the transient-playing bank president to the lordly movie hero blindly decked out in checked coat and smoked glasses and sporting his own chattering gallery of sycophants in billowing collars and suede shoes. It will even have a heavy smattering of truck drivers who normally play their golf on the rubber mats of city driving ranges.

It is a gallery as parish as Broadway and as noisy and uninhibited as an Elms Presley fan club. It is alive with misinformation. Everyone is an expert—particularly those who have only lately learned to tell a wood from an iron. The popular notion is that when Ben Hogan said "I never believe anything a gallery tells me," he was thinking about southern California.

It is a gallery which revels in disaster, and more than one shattering slump has been stamped by the breathless—and erroneous—word that "Rosed just took an eight!" or "Balt just smashed his putter!" The town criers are ahead in force at the Los Angeles Open, happier than an old maid with a new appliance.

On the other hand, a southern California golf gallery is never downbeat, and, unlike galleries at most other sports, there is no malevolence. A golf gallery is, in effect, a chapel. Brilliant strokes always evoke rather unseasonal enthusiasm while a missed putt or a nasty kick into a trap brings on looks of distress which make it appear that every heart in the crowd has just been broken.

Golf is the only game which permits the spectators to mingle freely with the contestants, and this precipitates a rather remarkable change. The same man who would bow and snarl at his boss from the comfortable anonymity of the bleachers suddenly becomes docile and uncharacteristically sympathetic. There is a reason for this: we are a nation of congenial spectators, the transition from remote critic to virtual participant makes the galleryite feel un-



A FURNISHABLE FAVORITE in this year's L. A. Open is Gene Littler, a native Californian, who carried off the event in 1955.

comfortable, almost a trespasser, as if he were standing in center field with Mickey Mantle. This not only strips him of his anonymity, it also gives him a closeup look at how difficult it is and changes him incredibly from a derisive lost to a considerate, polite companion on a tour of the links. Occasionally, a galleryite will be heard to murmur gently, "He shoulda used a nine there," but always with genuine regret, never in the aggrieved tones of the \$2 better whose horse just cantered. At last year's L.A. Open, a spectator on the rugged fifth hole shook his head as Mike Souchak pulled a two-iron from his bag for a long, uphill second shot. "Never make it with that," he warned. Souchak never changed expression, swung—and didn't make it, the ball striking a mound before the green. The crowd turned speechlessly on the advisor, right though he was. He had broken the code.

Of course, the first-tee gallery at Los Angeles will include a few bewildered chorus girls in net stockings, on hand to hallyho a Hollywood night club which is hosting a pre-tourney blowout for golfers and their wives. Conspicuously present, too, at the Los Angeles Open will be the partly trailer manufacturer, William MacDonald, who has maneuvered himself into the unique position where he backrolls the tournament but has very little to say about it. MacDonald was lured into this spot two years ago (SI, Jan. 8, 1955) when the press decided the longtime sponsor of the tourney, the Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce, was not treating them with the respect they deserved. So MacDonald was lassoed into staging a rival tournament, and then everything was patched up—more or less. Now the Junior Chamber still runs and polices the tournament, but Bill MacDonald parks one of his grandest trailers hard by the first tee and plays lavish host to the important golfers, press and assorted celebrities who come to view the sport. For this he ponies up \$25,000 a year and gets to play in a predate meet—which he does with more gusto than skill.

On the theory that golf alone would never drag the entertainment-jaded southern Californians away from their scented swimming pools, a pro-celebrity, one-day tournament precedes the serious Open play. Besides the buffooning MacDonald, characters like Les Burdick are

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WINNERS OF THE L.A. OPEN

1926	Harry Cooper	1942	Ben Hogan
1927	Bobby Cowellbank	1943	No tournament
1928	MacDonald Smith	1944	Harold McGuires
1929	MacDonald Smith	1945	Sam Snead
1930	Denny Shute	1946	Bryan Nelson
1931	Ed Dudley	1947	Ben Hogan
1932	MacDonald Smith	1948	Ben Hogan
1933	Craig Wood	1949	Lloyd Mangrum
1934	MacDonald Smith	1950	Sam Snead
1935	Vic Ghezzi	1951	Lloyd Mangrum
1936	Jimmy Hines	1952	Tommy Bolt
1937	Harry Cooper	1953	Lloyd Mangrum
1938	Jimmy Thomson	1954	Fred Wanfler
1939	Jimmy Demarest	1955	Gene Littler
1940	Lawson Little	1956	Lloyd Mangrum
1941	Johnny Ball		

LOS ANGELES GOLF

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star attractions at these clubhouse and, unlike the pros, they are not immune to ridicule. A skilled shot by Lee usually brings the soothing gag from the gallery "Don't worry, Lee, Willie Mays'll get it." When UCLA Coach Red Sanders hits one behind a tree, he is usually advised to "Plant it out, Red." This year it is hoped Walter Hagen will be enticed into appearing—which would lend a unique touch of class that a dozen movie stars couldn't produce.

No one would think of showing up for the Open in Los Angeles in single slacks and sweater. It is probably the one tournament where the spectators wear louder clothes than the players, and from a distance it sometimes looks like 15,000 Jimmy Dorements trailing down the fairways. It is the duffers' chance to wear their four-handicap misanthrope without having to live up to it on the greens. There are more Bermuda shorts with vermilion high stockings than there are at a Vassar lawn party, and enough alligator shoes with flaps on them to depopulate the swamps of Florida—if they were genuine.

This flashy crowd loves a flashy leader, and it is a rule of thumb at the L.A. Open that if there are 10,000 fans on the course, 3,000 follow the leader. No one is kinder than an also-ran and even the great Hagen used to lose two-thirds of his audience—leaving him barely enough to frame a green—if he fell a few strokes off the pace. The pros get along remarkably well with their galleries. Middleoff did once snarl at a crowd to get out of his way, because "I make my living this way," but this was an exception. They usually take their frustrations out on the press or cameramen. Since there are so many expensive cameras on the course, it is impossible for the galter to tell amateur from pro and any clicking shutter usually results in a barrage of invective directed at the pressroom.

There is no longer any pretournament Calcutta from the L.A. Open, which cuts considerably into the winner's take-home pay, the practice being for the winning gambler to bestow a percentage on the swingman who won for him. For one thing, Rancho is a public golf course, and there is no home membership to stage the lottery. For another thing, Calcuttas have come into disrepute generally.

For some reason a golf crowd outs its head off—perhaps because of the unwanted fresh air. As a result, concen-

trations strive to keep the row filled by staggering candy-striped tents around the course, catering to the inner man. The queue at the French-and-soda bar is sometimes a good two-iron shot long, but the briskest business is in that staple American sports diet of hot dogs and Cokes.

Movie stars are in abundance, yet they go largely unnoticed. Years ago it was not uncommon to see Humphrey



GOLF: FOUR-TIME WINNERS of the L.A. Open have been Macdonald Smith (above) and Lloyd Mangrum. The current defending champion, Mangrum has long ranked as one of the game's most handy competitors.



Bogert takes up a station at the 15th green at Riviera where he would watch each succeeding threesome each day until the tournament was over. Dean Martin and Tony Martin are usually under foot as are Danny Kaye and Dennis O'Keefe, a scratch player. It's a tribute to the obscurity of golf that its victims would rather get the autograph of the first-round leader than any other type of celebrity. Even Ted Williams went overlooked one year when he was gallerying with his buddy, Sam Snead.

But the fact is the Los Angeles Open is big league—not just another tournament but a premium open in terms of cash (\$37,500), press coverage and audience (rich and style-conscious and with demonstrable impact nationally).

The aspiring pros, however, whether they arrive by new Cadillac with Michigan license plates still attesting their factory freshness or by family driver with mudslicks in a shoe box, do not come west solely for the Los Angeles Open. The whole winter circuit of lucrative parties lies before them. On subsequent weeks the tour will wind simultaneously up and down California (the Crosby Open on the Monterey Peninsula at Monterey, the Caliente Open at Tijuana, Mex. and the Thunderbird Open at Palm Springs) before heading relentlessly eastward via Phoenix, Tucson, San Antonio and Houston.

But it is the Los Angeles Open which the golf press from coast to coast scan most penetratingly for portents of things to come. Each year of late the handwriting on the scoreboard has been popularly regarded as the omen which foreshadowed the emergence of a new elite. Two years ago, when Gene Littler won the event, the words to the star buzzed through the Schwoppe fumes in the clubhouse that "the old guard is through." But Cary Middleoff and other veterans went on to make most of the subsequent golf headlines that year. And last year Lloyd Mangrum won the event itself for the fourth time (few more than Hogan, two more than Snead) and threw the youth program shouldering into reverse before it even got started.

Barometrically, the Los Angeles Open tells the golf world more than the subsequent far western tourneys. The Crosby Tournament is a fiftieth's picnic in which only the pro who finds his game has somehow managed to stay together through the first two rounds really tries to push through to win. The Caliente Open is too new and the course too untied to mean much. Several of the deep-winter opens are played on Wild West courses where only an occasional rattlesnake man or atherine all-venue approach from tee to green and the only golfing hazards are the primeval fairways. A score of 68, for example, is a mediocre round at Tucson and San Antonio.

The touring pros who will congregate in Los Angeles next month are, like all specialists, most happy among themselves and talking shop. Although they are the most traveled of U.S. athletes, golfers don't know cities, or even countries; they just know courses. They

meet each other in Los Angeles, but they may—if they spot a colleague who has been there recently—discuss the grass at West Palm Beach. They can get lost trying to find their way back to their hotels. But they know every rock on the course they will play.

They buy oil wells with golf winnings, but the only geology with which they are familiar has to do with the rock formations of a sand trap and whether to putt or blast out. They don't know there is a quantum theory, but the physics of a golf swing is minutely clear and logical to them. There are no cheaty pro golfers. Victorics are never that decisive. A wisp—sometimes one missed shot a round—divides the best from the worst. A haggard pro once described the atmospheric pressure around a championship green as "about what it is at 29 inches."

On top of this a golfer has a formidable opponent—himself. In all the mutations of the game of golf, from the early implements (which Sir Winston Churchill himself dubbed "ill suited to the purpose") to the hickory shaft, to the steel shaft and the multiplicity of wedges—the one immutable is the golfer himself. The plain fact is that many of today's near stars need an analyst more than they need a new putter. This will not stop them from tinkering hopelessly with their games or experimenting with new clubs. At the L. A. Open next month, Kanana Pro Paul O'Leary is expected to try a new, short putter designed by a Los Angeles amateur named Robert Donohue which is constructed to strike the ball on the green like a pole mallet and which is held between the legs as in croquet. If O'Leary one-putts several greens, golfers being what they are, all over the locker room players will be throwing out two-woods, to make room for the latest sure-shot oddity.

But whatever befalls the gik and gaudy group with their alligator shoes and mink mitts on the woods, next month's Los Angeles Open should touch off the most extravagant season since the Hagan high-water mark. For the golf fan is a devout disciple of the cult of personality. In a sport where it's tough to outscore another golfer two days in a row, let alone two tournaments, the hero-braggy fans are looking imploringly at Los Angeles for the new superpro to give them something to strut and boast about and enjoy loudly and vicariously. That superpro may be on the top of the scoreboard at Los Angeles next month and—if the wind doesn't blow—he may even break 280. (RWB)



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TIP FROM THE TOP



from **BABE ZAHARIAS**

for beginners
and veterans alike

Shortly before she died the unforgettable Babe wrote the following for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* on her feeling for the game she loved the best:

Golf is always for pleasure. A great many people who play it are apt to forget that. Their forgetfulness is understandable, because there never was a game that could compare with golf's amazing ability to make a person search for lower and lower scores and for perfection in shotmaking. The average golfer's desire to improve his or her game is certainly laudable, as long as the golfer keeps a sense of proportion. A weekend golfer whose business is not golf should not go at the game as if it were work. People who make their living at golf must necessarily give it all they have, but people for whom it is a recreation should treat it as a recreation.

This is not to say that some application is not necessary for even the weekend golfer. I think it is a darn good idea for every golfer to attempt to play the game as well as his or her natural talents allow. With this in mind you must make provision to do some practicing to approach your shots seriously, to try to get around in the lowest number of strokes and to outplay your opponent in a match. All this is fine, as long as you approach your goals in golf with the proper spirit and do not try to attain unattainable goals. If you do, you are denying yourself the basic reward of this wonderful game which is the rare enjoyment it provides.



NEXT WEEK: WILLIE ELKIN ON THE LINE TO THE TARGET



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Columbus, Ohio	The Union
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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

A FENDER, A POEM

That is what automobile design means to Italy's great craftsmen. The last practitioners of a once great art, they now look to Detroit for survival

by KENNETH RUDDEN

A car's elegance must be a symbol of nobility of soul. It must be the vehicle of exalting human spirit—a conquest of heart and mind over matter.

THEY would scarcely admit it, but the designers of a Romeo, a Farina or Ghia or any of the other great Italian leaders of the wondrous but sadly sinking world of custom automobile coachbuilding. But they are not. They were delivered last October in Rome before a distinguished assembly of automotive designers by Pope Pius XII.

In the same talk, His Holiness saw in fine automobile-making a "happy fusion of mechanics and art (which) contributes to render life in our present time easier and more enabled than at any previous time." He probably expressed better in those words than could any of the Italians—who are to our styles what Dior and Balenciaga are to dress design—the goal and the ideal of the Italian look, the fluent purity of line, the striving for effects that dazzle but do not stun. It is a look that has been prized the world over, in the past by potentates and pashas and the merely rich and in these days by the styling chiefs of the great automobile manufacturers of Detroit. Those latter, in a kind of self-deprecation that suggests their domination by the engineers, sometimes refer to themselves as "fender benders," an epithet which would make any Italian designer recoil in horror.

For it is true of the Italian coachbuilder (some of whose superb creations are shown on the following pages) that he considers himself to be—and is—one of the vestigial entrepreneurs surviving from the pre-Industrial Revolution era when the hand was more graceful than the machine. He considers himself a Michelangelo in a body shop, an artist whose dream is of carriages to rival the beauty of the Parthenon and the speed of Shadowfax. If he is occasionally forced to design a car in the shape of a tube of toothpaste for an improvement advertiser, it is only because his art is uneconomical. Even this he carries off with aplomb.

The great days of such prewar classic designers as Scarcioff, Darrin, Le Baron and Bruun are gone forever, and the call for individualized cars is dwindling, even in Italy, the last stronghold. Of the 4,327 automobile bodies built by the Italian specialists in 1955, only some 250 were custom-built as manufacturers' prototypes or to individual order. The large majority were the coachbuilders' personalized versions of production models from the big Italian automakers—Fiat, Alfa Romeo, Lancia.

But no fair lady ever wore a Dior gown with more self-appreciative contentment than the owner of an Italian custom body—he it, the simplest reworking of the latest mass-produced Fiat—wears the lapel pin of its designer: B for Biondini or Bertone, or the distinctive insignia of Pinin Farina,

Ghia, Vignale, Zagato, Viotto, Touring of Milan, Frua, Scaglietti, Abarth, Sinis and a dozen others. The employees of all these coachbuilders number only 3,000 in all, and they are concentrated mainly in Turin, with a sprinkling in the North Italian cities of Milan, Modena, Udine, Brescia and Novara. In the squeeze of mass production and automation, the coachmakers are looking to the big companies for survival. "The cost of a custom-built body is prohibitive," says Umberto Viotto, who started a post-war trend and made a fortune by designing the popular Giardineta station wagon in 1946. "If we count on selling only handmade bodies to private customers, we are doomed."

Salvation, then, lies in alliance with Detroit and with the British, French, German and Italian auto manufacturers, who are relying more and more on the Italian manufacturers for the touch of poetry that will turn the head and catch the breath of the potential buyer. Chrysler, for example, is working closely with Ghia on prototype material (unfortunately, one costly model, the Norseman, on which Ghia had spent 18 months, went down with the Andrea Doria). Nash has received considerable inspiration from Pinin Farina, the dogma of the coachbuilders, who makes five or six trips to Detroit each year. His go-getting son Sergio spends almost as much time in England as he does in Italy. The Farinas now have lucrative connections for the design and building of the prototypes which later will influence the production cars not only in the U.S. and Britain but in France and Germany as well.

The Italians welcome these international ties for another reason besides the obviously financial one. The stringent technical demands by the manufacturers test and improve

(first continued on page 37)

HIGH FASHION ON WHEELS

FERRARI #10 Superamerica, (top) is the latest of Pinin Farina's creations for the well-to-do touring cars from Maranello. Considered the most beautiful car at the recent Paris show, the #10 boasts a pillarless windshield, novel bumpers. **ALFA ROMEO** Superflow II, (left), by Farina, is distinctive for its dart-shaped look and its Plexiglas top. The body covers an experimental chassis that utilizes a 3.5-liter, six-cylinder engine. The Plexiglas is blown to filter sunlight. **HAMMER** Palm Beach (middle right) demonstrates Farina's technique with a car of unusual construction. Based on the ordinary American Rambler Six, it is built by Farina from the body up. **MERCEDES 300SE**, redesigned with spacier lines than the standard Stuttgart model but still retaining its traditional grille, is a rural equipage produced by Ghia for King Saad of Arabia. A four-door convertible, it has a telephone, refrigerator, side platforms for bodyguards, easily ornamentation. Prices for body, \$10,000; for chassis, \$10,000. For more cars, turn the page.





FERRARI 246, shown here against Milan's Stadio de San Siro, is an example of high speed touring design by Zagato, specialist in sports coachwork. The bodyline is molded into a sleekly functional

shell, with the emphasis on performance rather than elaborate ornamentation. The two-liter engine develops 124 hp at 5,500 rpm and delivers a top speed near 120 mph. Price: about \$4,000.



JAGUAR XKE, with distinctively rounded fenders and head lighting, demonstrates Rover's handling of a steel-engined competition chassis. Built for U.S. roads, it can be fitted with either 1,100-cu. or 1,270-cu. engine. Price: \$4,100 to \$4,400.



ASTON MARTIN DB2-4, lavishly clothed by Touring of Milan, has an elegance unapproached by the standard English bodywork. Shown in the Bois de Boulogne, it was a hit of the Paris and London shows. Top speed above 120 mph is produced by a six-cylinder, three-liter engine.



ABARTH ROADSTER, with a vulnerable-looking rear end, displays the Bertone flair for knife-edge fenders. Its tiny 47-hp, four-cylinder, 747-cc. Fiat engine is derived from the world-record Abarth car which averaged 87 mph for 12 hours at the Monza racetrack. Price: \$4,000.



FORD MUSTA racing, a sporty two-seater, shown on the bank of the Po River in Turin, is a one-of-a-kind effort which cost its American owner \$7,000 for the coachwork alone. Natta produced the body and chassis; the engine is a standard U.S. Ford V-8.

DUAL-GHIA FIREBOMB, conceived by the Dual Motors Corporation of Detroit, has a 260-hp Dodge V-8 engine, modified Dodge chassis and coachwork by Ghia. A \$7,500 four-passenger sporting vehicle with a

guaranteed top speed of 124 mph, the Firebomb accelerates from zero to 60 mph in 8.2 seconds. Brakes, steering and windows are all power-operated. At the wheel is Luigi Segre, Ghia president.



FIAT V.B. with Sisto chassis and coachwork is another interpretation of the Zagato Fiat shown elsewhere. Built along chassis from various lines, it costs \$4,000 and may be had in a convertible variation as well. Turin's Capuchin Monastery towers in the background.



LANCIA AIRBELLA experimental model by Vignale is a well-looking, big-windowed two-seater powered by a 2.5-liter, six-cylinder motor. Famed for its dispatch in a slow-moving factory, Vignale once turned out Ferrari racing bodies on emergency orders in 10 days.



MASERATI goes Torino with coachwork by Frua in a potent \$5,000 beauty based on the rugged Maserati two-liter, six-cylinder sports engine and racing-tuned tubular chassis. The engine delivers 150 hp at 6,000 rpm, making possible a maximum speed of 150 mph.



A FENDER, A POEM

continued from page 22

their products. Making car bodies for individual customers, however choosy, is nothing like meeting the standards of a corporation which knows exactly what it wants to within a millimeter of measurement.

Each coachmaker has his own style, as familiar to the initiated as Ted Williams' batting stance is to the baseball fan. Farina is No. 1 in size and prettiness for these circumstances' his work, see page 38), with clean, classically uncluttered lines that wear well. Ghia is

hard if a machine can do them better, more economically and more quickly.

In Research and Experimentation the Farina plant lavishes extraordinary care on original designs for prototypes, individual customers or for the master himself when he orders a car for one of the big shows (see his *Ferrari and Alfa Romeo*, on page 33, as they appeared in the Paris show).

In his third division, Farina manufactures fenders, hoods, doors, roofs, motorcycle chassis, refrigerator doors, motor scooter parts, and the like. "The future of Italian bodymakers," he says, "rests with the impetus provided by the United States. Its methods and turnover make it difficult for us to keep up, yet we must adapt if we are to survive."

Ghia, whose remarkable Mercedes for King Saud of Arabia is shown on page 33, is a more deliberate designer. The entire work is done by the gifted hands of 350 employees, and each body may take from six to 18 months to complete. The first step of an original design is a sketch, in ink or colored crayon, on a piece of nine-by-12 paper. Then comes a scale model in balsa or clay, from which emerges a detailed drawing with precise proportions. This is followed by a full-sized mock-up (coachwork), built of wood, which is fitted directly onto the chassis. From the coachwork work begins on a metal framework which is gradually added and soldered into place, replacing the mock-up. Finally, there is the exhaustive detail work with screw driver, hammer, file, scissors and tweezers un-

der (Felice Mario Boano and son Giampaolo). The Boanos once owned Ghia but sold it in 1954 to set up shop on their own. Six secret prototypes are currently in preparation for Italian and European companies. Meanwhile Boano produces regularly three Fiat 1900 Granluxe and two Alfa Romeo Primavera bodies daily and two Ferrari 250 GranTurismo bodies weekly. Of the perhaps 20 individual orders each year, most are for foreigners, and the average cost is \$8,400 per body.

"We believe," says young Boano, "that there will be a gradual evolution of fashions in car bodies. The European



FELICE BOANO favors rounded line and style second and provides for air conditioning.

at times a more daring innovator but an equally careful house, with a gift for non-European tastes. Boano's designs cater to a class within a class; he is a coachmaker's coachmaker. Vignale does things with a headlight or fender that turn the ordinary into the unusual. Vignale, Scaglietti, Bertone and Abarth are more for the purely sports-minded. Scaglietti, for instance, builds most of the Ferrari racing bodies (for an example, see page 36). Vignale dressed the Ferraris which won the Mille Miglia in 1951, 1952 and 1953.

As their conceptions differ, so do their techniques. Farina, the master, has 300 employees and a production capacity of 15 bodies a day (the actual output is 12 or 13 bodies daily). His operation is divided into three parts. By far the largest is the production of his Alfa Romeo Giulietta Spyder, Lancia, GranTurismo and Fiat two-door coupes. The parts for these bodies are all machine-made in Farina's own machine shop. This is a departure from the method of most other Italian designers, who take pride in their hand operations, but Farina, the most Detroit-oriented of all the Italians, says it is absurd to do things by hand merely for the sake of doing them by



ALFREDO VIGNALE prefers sports cars, built Lancia Aurelia for Gian Lallibrida.

til the upholstery and instrumentation have been completed.

About half of Ghia's output is based on ideas which the house creates and sells to clients. The rest is produced to specifications set down by clients, who may be individuals or firms.

Boano of Turin is a father-and-son



PIERO FARINA, the Detroit-minded Italian, uses machine, production line methods.

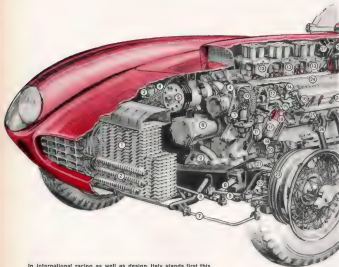
public does not want an esoteric line, but real, definite comfort. We must learn from U.S. cars and start giving the public such things as electric window-raising and seat adjustment and air conditioning, all in addition to the Italian line which is already famous."

Alfredo Vignale's 80-man operation works without full-scale wooden models, a conceit which made him, at the outset in 1945, the laughingstock of the industry. The laughter ceased when his first Fiat Topolino proved a big hit. "We save \$500 on each production," says his brother and partner, Giuseppe. "Thus we sell for the lowest price in all the industry. We have never gone above \$4,800 for any car body."

Whatever the different methods, the artistry of the Italian coachbuilders is convincing. Unfortunately, their future is clouded. They are conscious of their artistic responsibility, but aware of the economic realities too. Come turbines, atomic engines or solar motivation, they plan to stay in the game. "We are going wherever the motors take us," said one coachbuilder recently, "and we are going as elegantly as we can."

For an outstanding product of Italian automotive engineering, turn the page

DYNAMITE ON WHEELS:



In international racing as well as design, Italy stands first this year. Here is the car, and the tough and moody man who built it

This fierce-looking Ferrari sports car above has only one purpose—to win races. It cannot be driven to market or out on a Sunday spin on the Skyline Drive. It has a 12-cylinder engine that is grumpy at low speeds but, with the power of 330 horses, comes vibrantly alive when the throttle is down, and it can propel the car at a speed of 173 mph. It has an exhaust noise more terrible than an air raid siren. With its companion four-cylinder model, with the same displacement of 3.5 liters (about the same as the smallest Studebaker), it is a world champion—a lovingly assembled and cunningly driven machine that has the power to lift the heart of a nation.

It is difficult in this country, where big-time auto racing—except for the Indianapolis "500" and the Sebring Twelve Hours—is only a memory, to appreciate the fervor with which Europeans embrace their cars and champions. The

great national *Grande Epreuve* (literally big tests) for single-seat road-racing cars are battlegrounds that excite and inflame the emotions, and the series of sports car races to determine the leading manufacturer provoke feelings of only slightly lesser insouciance.

The hottest sports of all are the Italiane, for whom auto racing ranks right up with the pleasures of cheating on the income tax and second-guessing the big giveaway TV show *Laureti e Raddoppia*.

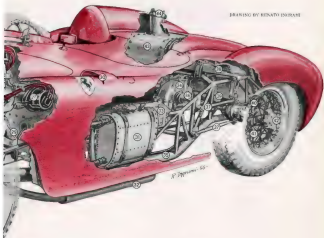
It was perfectly understandable to Italians when a Sicilian took a club to the American Phil Hill after he won the race at Monza this year, even though he was driving an Italian car. (Phil was saved by a pistol-toting chum.)

Right now, on the eve of another season, the Italians are loaded. And the most potent weapon in the Latin artillery

continued on page 62

THE FERRARI

DESIGNED BY BERNATO BODRONE



- | | |
|---|--|
| ① Radiator | ② Brake drum |
| ② Oil cooler tubes | ③ Camshaft cover |
| ③ Mechanical fuel pump | ④ Spark plugs (two per cylinder) |
| ④ Fuel line to carburetors | ⑤ Exhaust manifold |
| ⑤ Generator | ⑥ Pleated spring distributors (a fourth is obscured) |
| ⑥ Oil filter | ⑦ Spark plug wiring |
| ⑦ Stabilizing bar | ⑧ Rear motor mount |
| ⑧ Steering linkage | ⑨ Air scoop to cool cockpit |
| ⑨ Water pump | ⑩ Fuel-gallon oil tank |
| ⑩ Timing gear and chain | ⑪ Exhaust pipe |
| ⑪ Crankcase filter | ⑫ Transmission |
| ⑫ Overhead camshaft | ⑬ Differential |
| ⑬ Three four-barrel Weber carburetors | ⑭ Tubular frame |
| ⑭ Valve rocker arm (since replaced by a roller-type action) | ⑮ Axle-hall shaft |
| ⑮ Exhaust valve (inlet valve opening) | ⑯ Radius rods |
| ⑯ Main valve spring | ⑰ Transverse leaf springs |
| ⑰ Piston (compression ratio: 8.8:1) | ⑱ De Dion tube |
| ⑱ Cylinder liner (cylinder bore: 75 mm; stroke: 83.5 mm.) | ⑲ Shock absorber |
| ⑲ Connecting rod | ⑳ Bonnet aluminium wheel |
| ⑳ Crankshaft | ㉑ Kick-off hub cap |
| ㉑ Suspension wishbone | ㉒ Fuel tank (120 liters) |
| ㉒ Coil spring with interior hydraulic damper | ㉓ Fuel-tank filler cap |

THE FERRARI

continued from page 58

that is aimed at the competition is a solid, forceful, brooding, silver-haired man named Enzo Ferrari, who stands at the pinnacle of the sport.

His V-8-engined, 2.5-liter, 294-hp Grand Prix racers, which are easily identifiable by their side fuel tanks, won six of the eight Grandes Epreuves of 1952 and provided the inimitable Argentine, Juan Manuel Fangio, transportation to an unprecedented fourth world championship; his sports cars won for Ferrari himself the top honors among the competing manufacturers.

With the Germans out of the racing picture, the French lacking funds and the English unable to diagnose the fragility of their fast but temperamental cars, the big scrap in 1955 was between the Ferraris and the wing-tailed Maseratis—an all-Italian show, a kind of civil war by extension between the adherents of the one and the other.

Devastated by the poor British showing, the journalist-driver Denis Jenkinson wrote in the November *Motor Sport*: "I think many times that a well-organized and efficient British team could wipe the floor with them [the Italians]; they are in such chaos, yet every time they win."

Classic Italian racing may be, but it is also devastatingly effective—and with reason. Enzo Ferrari has been learning how to win the hard way ever since he washed out of technical school and set his cap for automobile racing success. He earned distinction in the '30s at the wheel of an Alfa Romeo, that famous Italian make which achieved fabulous results before the Nazi-inspired German onslaught prevailed prior to World War II. When his driving days were over Ferrari became the shrewd manager (up until the war) of Alfa Romeo's racing activities, a position at which he was successful and tough; that he occasionally, but behind his back, was called the Italian equivalent for tough guy. His drivers were of the best: the immortal Nuvolari, the great Achille Varzi, Chiron, Moll, Trossi, Lehoucq, René Dreyfus. Dreyfus, the former French champion, now a New York restaurant man, remembers Signor Ferrari as a strict but fair operator in the 1930s.

The Horse of Ravenna

Just before the war Ferrari opened an office at Modena and started building his own racing car in the neighboring village of Maranello. He had already adopted as his symbol the Ravenna



THE BUILDER AND HIS CAR, Enzo Ferrari and the 3.5-liter sports racer which was the sensation of the year, pose together in the courtyard of the Ferrari plant at Maranello.

Horse from the coat of arms of Italy's World War I Air Ace Major Baracca. He converted to machine-tool production during the war but saw his factory bombed by the Allies and stripped by the Germans, so he started afresh when the war was over.

Ferrari's first racer—a 1,600-cc., 8-cylinder model that won a closed-circuit event near Modena with the late World Champion Alberto Ascari at the wheel—was produced in 1949, and since then the prancing black horse has adorned the side panels of four world champion cars and hundreds of other victorious red machines.

The Mile Miglia, Italy's murderous 1,400-mile, open-road test of men and machines, has been a special Ferrari happy hunting ground. Every Mile Miglia after 1967, except for 1964 (the year of Ascari's *lanceia*) and 1965 (Stirling Moss's Mercedes) was won by a Ferrari, and this year the screaming red projectiles swept the first five places. First and foremost was the brilliant 12-cylinder, 3.5-liter model which is shown here in cutaway form.

There is an Italian saying which runs: "*Donne e motori, gioia e dolore*" (women and engines, joys and anguish), and probably no man in the world savors keener joy or suffers greater

or anguish over automobiles than 55-year-old Ferrari. For six days of the week he labors to improve the light, low, powerful machines that have made him famous, and on the seventh, as likely as not, he endures the slow-drip torture of awaiting the results of races in which Ferraris have been entered. So extreme is Ferrari's absorption with what he claims to be his guiding passion—technical progress—that whenever gone to the races himself any more; he is afraid that his nervousness might be communicated to drivers and pit crews.

When the races come back to the factory, Ferrari and his aides dig deep for evidence of mechanical flaws. They spend hours examining, with infra-red rays, all metals which have been subjected to strain. Ferrari knows no rest until the rays have told him the latest play of what he considers his greatest enemy: metal fatigue.

Winning a race means that he is on the right road to technical development. Losing, equally interesting to Ferrari, means that there is a new problem to be solved. He is agitated, and his eyes have a glassy stare as he scrutinizes every component until he is on the road to a solution. But he readily admits that he could not live without this kind of exhausting probing.

"When I decide to take part in a race," says Ferrari, "I don't think of my competitors. I don't say to myself: 'I must beat Maserati' or 'I must beat Mercedes.' The importance of any race is the technical result: given the same weather and road conditions, if records are broken there has been technical progress and progress is driving skill. If records remain the same, there is cause for disappointment. If records are not reached, there is cause for anger and greater work, greater planning, greater striving.

"The results of a race are only due 50% to the car. When you have created a car that can win, you are only halfway. The moment has come to find the driver. It costs more to develop a racing driver than any number of cars. The young driver with conspicuous talent leaps rapidly onto the racing horizon but, whatever his talent, he must race for several years before he becomes a good racing driver. During these formative years, he must have the luck to remain alive when he meets with his first inevitable accidents. To know the maximum speed he can attain he must run considerable risks. If he never risks leaping off the road, it means that he has not sought his maximum speed.

"When I was a boy, I often looked into the mirror and asked myself: 'What have I been put into the world for?' The doubt and the travail never leave me. When I hand over the car to a driver and shake his hand in the courtyard of the factory here at Maranello, I cannot escape the thought that I may

be going to his funeral in a few days. When Azzari died, I couldn't sleep for a great many nights. He was like a son to me. I often ask myself: 'If I hadn't built racing cars, would so many of my friends have died?'

"Human progress requires its martyrs but I am alone, faced with the great dilemma of whether I am really doing something useful when I hand over a car to a young driver to get his experience so. I know that if a man once started calculating the risks he would never race and he would never build racing cars."

A Relentless Passion

"It is an enthusiasm which is not a desire for gain and isn't even an ambition that drives me. It is a passion like a fever. . . ."

There have been a score of reports over the years that Ferrari would retire, but even after the death of his beloved son Alfredo this year (of leukemia), Ferrari's passion would not let him quit.

He continues to build the modified Lancia Grand Prix cars which Fangio drove to the world title (probably to be improved this season by a beefed-up clutch assembly, which caused considerable difficulty in 1955), the competition sports cars (see drawing on page 48) which won the manufacturer's title and the slightly tuned-down touring cars on which the famed Italian coachbuilders lavish some of their best work (see pages 52-54).

By American standards Ferrari's factory is tiny. He employs only 150 men

(General Motors in 1955 employed 434,411) and he makes engineering changes with such rapidity that rarely are two models—even of the same make—exactly alike.

Ferrari depends heavily upon prize money for winning races to continue in business. When Mercedes-Benz swept the boards in 1954, Ferrari called on the big Italian Fiat auto combine for financial assistance. The rest of his income comes from the sale of high-speed touring cars—some to Europeans (customers include ex-King Leopold and his wife, Princess de Rethy), but half of his 100-car yearly output goes to the United States.

The leader of the touring line is the 450 Superamerica, whose 4.9-liter, three-carburetor V-12 engine develops 340 hp at 6,000 rpm. Depending on rear-axle ratio, body weight and the customer's nerve, this car can reach a top speed of 160 mph. The less expensive V-12 250 Gran Turismo is a three-liter, 240-hp (at 7,000 rpm), three-carburetor model which should be capable of 157 mph. You must pay at least \$3,111 (U.S. Italy) for the 250 and at least \$14,000 for the cheapest 410.

These princely equipages, of course, take second place with Ferrari to the stripped-down, souped-up, scoop-nosed racers whose acceleration is phenomenal, road-holding exceptional and top speed lightening, and whose unmistakable unsuited exhaust shriek fire the hearts of the volatile Italians.

Although Maserati is weakened by the loss of Stirling Moss (whose decision to drive British Vanswallen in 1957 may have been prompted more by patriotism than good business sense), Ferrari still has the best team of drivers going. With the prospect of at least some use of Fangio, who has elected to be a free agent for the coming season, and the services of the ascendant British star Peter Collins, the headshot Italian Eugenio Castellotti (31, May 7), the artistic veteran Italian Luigi Musso, the fleet Spanish Marqués de Fontbraga and the improving German Graf von Trips, the man from Maranello should have a laurel-strewn year.

If the Ferrari team doesn't make it to Argentina next month for the first 1957 world-championship races ("We pray to God and hope the Russians won't interfere," says Ferrari Racing Manager Braido Seisati. "At the present moment our prayers are strangerer than our hopes") or to Florida's 12-hour race in March, watch out for the grandee here when the European season begins. Know Ferrari's passion is not to be denied. (RWB)



V.I.P.s BY FORD

Sport clothes that combine a love for Irish fabrics with Californian living are bringing fame to Designer Jane Ford



SPORTS CAR emblematic decorates sleeve of a sports car coat made of fire-hose canvas (334), worn by Ailyn Azucena, debarking from Thunderbolt at Malibu home of Mrs. Edna McHugh.

THE CALIFORNIA life that centers around sports cars, beach houses and sailboats is the life for which Jane Ford lives and designs clothes. In the past three years she has become known on the West Coast for clothes colorful enough to hold their own under the brilliant sun, sturdy enough for the sandy life of the beach and streamlined enough to slip into sports cars. This resort season, for the first time, her designs labeled V.I.P. (Very Important Play-clothes) and manufactured by Andee Sportswear of Los Angeles, will be available in stores in all parts of the country.

Jane Ford was born in Ireland. She is married to another Irish-American, Pat Ford, son of Hollywood Director John Ford. The entire family makes a trip to the homeland almost every year, and it was with the Irish fabric, bainin, brought back from one of her trips, that Jane had one of her first successes. This was one of the first car coats, rough and warm in the distinctive hand-woven unscoured white wool fabric woven by the islanders of Aran.

American work-clothes fabrics—rough denim and canvas—are current favorites, and her research in this field has turned up what may be the heaviest canvas usable in clothing: fire-hose canvas, which Jane has cut into a sports car coat skiff shaped like the coats worn by the elegant Javanahai Nehru. Clothes for the cocktail hour, on land or sea, are based on flattering tapered pants and unusual details of cut for the carnival tops—such as the ribbon-tied scoop neck and the open, wrapped back shown opposite. Shorts for California beach life are really short—a length that this designer stands by as being the most flattering. The clothes on these pages are at Ross Bros., San Francisco; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Hanson's, Chicago; Bullock's—Westwood.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED LEVIN



CALIFORNIA'S JANE FONDA



CLASSIC BLUE DENIM is given new twist with embroidery and bias back opening for rise-length romaine (\$11); shown by Allyn Smith American with tapered trousers (\$11).

RINGS AND RIBBONS feature boat neckline of yellow corduroy romaine (\$8), trousers (\$8) worn by Joanne Holt, Bandy at Leonard St. Clair Flower's Malibu beach house.



WHITE DUCK SHORTS teamed with blue (left), (27) are worn with *gray sandals* (28) under straw beach umbrella at

Leonard Hessel's beachwear import. *Mulholland*. Mrs. Arnold C. Kirby's straw beach hat is from California's *Old Hawaii*.

PINK HOSE CANYON is screen of designer Ford's (left) is unbuttoned fabric. Here her ribbon-and-metal-trimmed jacket (29) and shorts (30) are worn by Mrs. Sherman F. Waggoner.



BLUE SHIRT with sleeves buttoned into pants (31) is teamed with *collar-and-rayon shorts* (32) by Jeanne Bando. The straw hat is a copy of a style picked up in Tahiti by hat man *Hawes*.



SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Marcell Bonasser, *France's* cousin King who dates on racing fan houses (Marie, Apollonia, Polina), made his hobby pay off to rich tone of \$225,000 in 1956 to head all other French owners in earnings for second straight year.



Mrs. Albert Knapp (Lillian, Robert) Long Island Sound skipper who chased Adams Cup until she won it and title as nation's best lady sailor in 1954, was reelected president of International Blue Jay Association at New York.

FOOTBALL

New York Giants had little trouble beating Philadelphia 21-7 to win Eastern title, while Chicago Bears outmanned Detroit 33-21 to capture Western crown, setting stage for NFL playoff at Yankee Stadium Dec. 30. Other results: Pittsburgh upset Washington 22-0; Chicago Cards beat Cleveland 24-7; Los Angeles defeated Green Bay 49-21; San Francisco outscored Baltimore 39-17.

HOCKEY

Boston Bruins, despite loss of ailing goalie Terry Sawchuk, got white goal tending from Reggie Norman De Felice, last only to Montreal in three games to hold three-point edge over Detroit, four over Montreal, Chicago, winless in 11 games since November 22. **Dallas** beat Detroit 3-1; **Red Wings** Charlie Howe netted three goals to become second highest scorer (328) in NHL history.

BOXING

Floyd Patterson, imperishable heavy-weight champion whose quick hands finished off Archie Moore, will spend next few weeks collecting trophies after being named Fighter of Year by New York and Chicago boxing writers who were content to ignore him. Chances are that Patterson will defend newly gained title for first three next June against still unnamed opponent who could be Hurricane Jackson or former Champion Rocky Marciano. Rocky, busy repeating decision to stay retired, began to hedge over so slightly in Baltimore:

"Right now I haven't changed my plans, but I have a lot of things to think over. You hear no more things..."

Racing fans got usual TV fare, most of it bad, with few fights reserved for paying audiences. In non-TV bouts, Middleweight Joey Giambra's solid punching in middle rounds earned him 10-round decision over Barker Castellani before 5,500 at San Francisco, while Joey Giambra continued lengthy series of bouts with Charley Catton, pounding out victory in 10 rounds before 1,000 at Cleveland. Meanwhile, TV patrons watched Heavyweight Alex Miron, *Byzle* (The Mink) Wallman's latest protégé, barely beat washed-up Archie McBride, from New York Featherweight Carmelo Costa destroy inexperienced Paul Jorgensen's No. 2 ranking in 10-round bout, from New York Middleweight Yama Nakama walk through 10 shut rounds with battle-scarred Jimmy Martinez to win, from Cleveland.

BASKETBALL

Kansas, with Jordan With Chamberlain riling up 63 points, rolled past Washington 75-62, 82-75, while **SOU**, North Carolina, St. John's, Illinois, West Virginia were also still among nation's unbeaten U.S. Olympic teams, with All-American Bill Russell (who later joined Boston Celtics) playing early part-time, ended undefeated career by trouncing Santa Clara 97-37, San Francisco 83-52 in invitational tournament at Chicago.

Philadelphia was latest NBA team to get off on winning kick, taking four straight

from Minneapolis, St. Louis, Syracuse and Boston on hot shooting of Neil Johnston and Paul Arizin to move within 2½ games of front-running Boston (which was two, lost two) in East. Rochester was able to win only one (over Celtics) of three but still held Livengame margin over Minneapolis in West.

HORSE RACING

Sam Tufano's Wise Margie, top-rated as New England circuit but unable to win in Maryland, made third try his best, carrying 125-pound owner lightly as he stepped smartly (through slugs) 2 1/4 miles in track record 2:27 to take Preaker Cup.

HARNESS RACING

Scott Frost, Potato Farmer Scott Camp's acknowledged 4-year-old brother who spent early part of 1956 standing at stud before winning 17 straight races, 18 out of 21 and \$45,931 bringing Medicine total to \$103,653 (all-time record: \$112,953 by Frost to Don), picked up a well-earned tribute: designation as Harness Horse of Year for second straight season by U.S. Trotting Association.

BASEBALL

Jackie Robinson, aging (38 next Jan. 31) but still agile and earling (left-of-all-positions) whose name had become synonymous with Brooklyn Dodgers since he broke major league color barrier in 1947, was sold across river to New York Giants for Pocher

continued on next page

FOCUS ON THE DEED



GIANT VICTORY over Eagles was largely due to a line running attack and some crisp blocking, such as 18-yard sprint by Halfback Clifford (18) through a gaping hole opened by Fullback Triplett (33).



BEAR VICTORY over Lions was achieved in rough struggle. Detroit hopes dimmed after Quarterback Layne (21), hit from behind by Chicago's Mauldin (58), left game with concussion.

1956 SILVER ANNIVERSARY ALL-AMERICA

With this issue the editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* introduce the first of a new series of annual national records for achievement—to be known as the Silver Anniversary All-America. With the cooperation of American colleges and universities—which have studied the achievement records of their own under football internum—and with the aid of a national board of judges, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, in the following pages, honors 25 athletes of 25 years ago—not only for what they did then but for what they have achieved since. Symbol of the award, silver goal posts.

William Barry Wood
HARVARD
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
SILVER ANNIVERSARY ALL-AMERICA
1956

THE JUDGES

First came the colleges with their nominations, then came the judging—And it was not an easy matter

GO BACK 25 years to the football autumn of 1931. Consider the seniors who won their letters that fall, examine what they have accomplished since then, and name the one from—let's say Old State—who stands forth among the rest as the best exemplar of the values in which American sport and American education are joined. Easy? No.

Yet that was the essential question *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* put to more than 100 U.S. colleges and universities early this fall. Most of them accepted the challenge, went combing through their records (in many cases made fresh, canvassing investigators), reflected on the values propounded in generations of teaching and commencement addresses—and, in more than 80 cases, found they had a man to offer and nominated him to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

Then it was the turn of a national board of busy and distinguished Americans (see pictures) who had agreed to

serve as judges. The judges had been picked for their own demonstrated achievements and for the breadth and sensitivity of their own philosophies of value. To each of them, a few weeks ago, went a thick dossier-book consisting of the nominating letters of the colleges (with detailed supporting citations, again by the colleges). For each judge it meant several hours of earnest concentration. Finally they made their selections—narrowing an impressive list of more than 80 men down to the Silver Anniversary All-America of '55 named in the following pages.

Let one judge speak for all. Wrote J. Edgar Hoover: "I have gained an even deeper understanding of the role of sports in developing good citizens." And the head of the FBI added: "To one who continually reviews investigative reports which reflect human failures, it is a wonderful experience to digest a collection of such fine success stories."



GALE AYDELETT
Pres., Drexel & Co. Grocers



ROGER BLOUGH
Chairman of the Board, U.S. Steel



OMAR BRADLEY
General of the Army



PAUL F. CLARK
Pres., John Hancock Mutual Life



JEROME CROSSMAN
Pres., Ryan Petroleum Corp.



HARLOW CURTICE
Pres., General Motors



BENSON FORD
Vice-President, Ford Motor Co.



PEABODY GARDNER
Boxing teacher and director



BERNARD GIMBEL

Chairman, Gimbel Department Store



F. P. HEFFELFINGER

Pres., F. H. Price & Co.



HERMAN HICKMAN

Apex Industries



J. EDGAR HOOVER

Director, FBI



MEYER KESTNBAUM

Pres., Kestnbaum & Co.



WILLIAM KIRKLAND

Pres., W. H. Hall, Inc.



CHESTER LAROCHÉ

Pres., Van Dusen Products



SHANE MCCARTHY

Pres., Bell Telephone System



SAMUEL P. R. MORSE

Pres., J. H. Morse, Inc.



JOHN M. OLIN

Chairman, Olin Corporation



MATT RIDGWAY

Commander, Fifth Army



JOSEPH P. SPANG

Chairman, Spang Industries



REESE TAYLOR

Chairman, Taylor Corporation



ROBERT UIHLEIN

President, Uihlein Industries



THOS. J. WATSON JR.

Chairman, IBM



C. E. WOOLMAN

Chairman, Woolman Corp.

MEN OF THE QUARTER CENTURY

by JACK TIBBY

The first Silver Anniversary All-America award winners are outstanding survivors of a challenging, testing era

TO HONOR the 25 football lettermen of 25 years ago "who have most distinguished themselves in their chosen fields of life"—that was the task of selection presented to the colleges and the judges; and the men named below (see box) are the winners of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's first Silver Anniversary All-America awards.

They are outstanding survivors, along with many another Americans, whether athletes or not, of one of the

most testing quarter centuries in U.S. history.

Their generation came out of college in mid-Depression, watched the rise of the Hitlers and Tojos, fought a great world war on the fronts of land, sea, air and home, emerged from the war in a world threatened again by imperial Communism, to help create an era of unheard-of plenty, responsibilities and new challenges.

Just a week before the 1931 football

season began, Japanese troops seized half a dozen strategic points in Manchuria including the vital rail center of Mukden. A day later, the lordly Bank of England, pressed cruelly by the Depression drain on British balances, abandoned the gold standard. ("A pillar of civilization has fallen," moaned the worried French, facing a similar decision.) Britons divided their attention between the falling pound sterling and a bitter government interrogation

THE 25 FROM 1931

BARRY WOOD (chairman)

Vice-president, Johns Hopkins

Harvard

ROGER W. BLANCHARD <i>Dean, Episcopal Cathedral, Jacksonville</i>	Boston U.	BIGGIE MUNN <i>Director of Athletics, Michigan State</i>	Minnesota
CHARLES C. TILLINGHAST JR. <i>Corporation lawyer, New York</i>	Brown	LOUIS J. KIRN <i>Captain, USN</i>	U.S. Naval Academy
CLEM E. RIMINGER <i>Pastor, Second Presbyterian Church, Kansas City</i>	Centre	ERNEST L. MARRASD <i>Mining development and oil leases, Oklahoma</i>	Oklahoma
A. U. (BUCK) PRIESTER JR. <i>Georgia textile executive</i>	Clemson	RALPH DOUGHERTY <i>Physician and surgeon, McKimport, Pa.</i>	Pittsburgh
JAMES HALEY <i>Physician and surgeon, Longmont, Colo.</i>	Colorado	WILLIS M. TATE <i>President, Southern Methodist University</i>	Southern Methodist
WILLIAM H. MONTOM <i>Municipal securities dealer, New York</i>	Dartmouth	WILSON H. ELMINS <i>President, University of Maryland</i>	Texas
JAMES W. HECKMAN <i>Telephone company executive, Boise, Idaho</i>	Denver	J. EARL RUDDER <i>Land commissioner of Texas</i>	Texas A&M
JONAH C. HALL <i>Supt. of Public Instruction, Duval County, Fla.</i>	Florida	ELDON C. UPTON JR. <i>Insurance executive, New Orleans</i>	Tulane
JAMES W. HAMPTON <i>Armed products manufacturer, Philadelphia</i>	Robert	EDWARD M. WINANT <i>Orthopedic surgeon, New York</i>	Vermont
RAY ELIOT <i>Head football coach, University of Illinois</i>	Illinois	JOHN E. DOYLE <i>Country doctor, Ridgway, Pa.</i>	West Virginia
G. DOUGLAS REED <i>Spiral company executive, Baltimore</i>	Lehigh	JOHN W. TUTTILL <i>Senior economic officer, Paris Embassy</i>	William & Mary
EDWARD W. STABER <i>Vice-commander, Central Air Defense Ferry</i>	U.S. Military Academy	DONALD MACARTHUR II <i>Commander, U.S. Department of State</i>	Yale

in London of Mahatma Gandhi, soon to be arrested again for his uncompromising call for Indian independence, while his less-known follower, Jawaharlal Nehru, was sentenced to two years at hard labor. The United States Steel Corp., instantly followed by other steel companies and by the copper, aluminum, textile and rubber industries, slashed wages 10%; it was the first general wage cutback in a decade. In Berlin a black-haired fanatic named Adolf Hitler made an arrogant visit of self-introduction to the president of the German Republic, ancient Paul von Hindenburg, and then returned to Nazi headquarters to wait for the impending collapse of the republic.

The football season got off with a happy and proper disregard of all such omens. Tennessee, Tulane, Michigan State, Cornell, Texas and Alabama were some of the giants who won their opening easily, though opening day brought one of the splendid upsets of the season when little St. Mary's beat mighty Southern California and All-America Gale Sayers 13-7 before 75,000 in Los Angeles. It was to be Southern California's only defeat all year. At half time, Conrad Nagel, the actor, read a tribute to Knute Rockne, killed that summer in the explosion of a plane over Kansas, while the thousands cheered in silence and taps was blown.

It was a season of memorable games. Harvard's quarterback Barry Wood had one of his best days when the Harvard played Army in Michie Stadium. Wood set up the first Harvard score with a long pass, scored the extra point himself, rushing, after a bad pass from center; later Wood passed for the tying touchdown and then drop kicked the winning extra point for a 14-13 upset.

Yale's Albie Booth, a frail bundle of fire all season, led the Elis through a 5-1-2 season, including a 9-0 victory over Barry Wood and Harvard, with Booth kicking the decisive field goal. The season's rugged play left Booth physically exhausted and bedded down in a Connecticut sanitarium while his classmates deserted New Haven for parties and dances at the holidays. He missed the Princeton game, which Yale won 51-14 with cries of "score one more for Albie." Booth, who recovered

continued on next page

SIX FLASHBACKS

Collector's items now, programs, scenes like these help document some 1931 moments: the flapper was letting her hair grow, Dakinota perspective was coming in, but the John Held Jr. touch was still mighty popular.





SPORTING LOOK

Thenakish curled-brow leaders of New York's Mayor Jimmy Walker (center) was identifying controversy for him at 1933 Army-Navy game, which he attended with General Dwight D. Eisenhower, later the Army's Chief of Staff. Hard hats (right) were also worn.



GANGSTER LOOK

Al Capone (right), about to be sentenced on income tax evasion charges, made one of his rare public appearances to attend the Northwestern-Notre Dame game at Evanston with a growling henchman. Northwestern and Notre Dame played to a scoreless tie.

GYMNASTIC LOOK

Exuberant Navy cheerleaders leaped, somersaulted, whooped it up in a wild dance style before Army-Navy game in Yankee Stadium. Army won 17-5, despite fine play of Navy's halfback "Baller Loe" Kim, who passed for Navy's single touchdown.



SILVER ALL-AMERICA continued

in time to hit a grand-slam home run and beat Harvard again in baseball, never lost his dedication to football. Today, a business executive in New Haven, Booth finds time for a sideline career as one of the leading referees in the East. But in 1931 his aches and bruises from a year-long course of football, basketball and baseball, all of which he played in the same all-out spirit, led to grave suggestions that a college boy's athletics should be limited to one team-sport a year. Fortunately, nothing ever came of the idea.

The world of college was a protected world, and the parties went on at the Christmas holidays with not too much worry about June and jobs. Some of the songs that year were *Goodnight Sweetheart*, *Lore Is Sleeping the Country*, *Sweet and Looney*, *Dancing in the Dark*. On Broadway, Fred Astaire was playing in *The Bandwagon*, Katharine Cornell in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, Ethel Merman, Rudy Vallee and Ray Bolger were the hits of George White's Scandals. On the moving picture screen, which had lately found its voice, Al Johnson's *Sleeping Fool* grossed \$5 million. Walt Disney won an Oscar (the Academy statue got its nickname that year) for *Mickey Mouse*—although one of the crows in a Disney film had its udder removed by the frisky Hays Office.

Spring came, and graduation. Of the many commencement speeches that year none exceeded in practical advice the warning to the graduating class at Colgate: "Don't snatch your diploma. Be calm. Take your diploma in your right hand. Tip your cap with your left hand. Don't wave it, just tip it." The graduates could not have had better counsel; the world was not particularly waiting for their charging ranks, diplomas waved aloft. In the want-ad section of *The New York Times* of June 21, 1932 just 13 jobs were offered to men of all ages; somebody wanted a book-keeper, somebody else a cabin-maker, somebody else a drug clerk, etc. (on the corresponding day last June the *Times* ran 31 columns of "Help Wanted" ads, and undergraduates drove off in their MGs to consider the professional, cultural and golf-course opportunities of the various high-priced jobs being offered to them).

The 25 men who have won election to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* Silver Anniversary All-America made their debuts in these days. Businessmen, doctors, diplomats, clergymen, professional military men they are now. It may be that no one can ever establish, who did not live through it, what college football meant to them as they faced what is commonly and all too harshly called the challenge of life. Nowadays the colleges are faced with many questions—not just how to grow and meet their faculty salaries and keep up with the frontiers of science and teaching—but with never-ending questions of values, including whom to admire, what to teach, what to stress.

Let one of the Silver All-Americans, Bill (Air Mail) Morton of Dartmouth, rise and be sworn. Says Bill Morton, an All-America then and an All-America now:

"The most important lessons to be learned on the football field cannot be learned in the classroom. I have no time for hard lessons. You see them sometimes at your golf club. They pass and fade and rip up divots and act like little boys. Whenever I see a man like that, I say to myself, 'He never played contact sports.' Mere knowledge isn't enough. Plenty of sorbonds have knowledge without having balance and a sense of proportion. A football field is a pretty good place to achieve the understanding of intelligent competition so important later on."



FAIR HARVARD, 1902

On the brink of a season—and of an era more involved than any of the ensuing young athletes' credit game—Harvard's variety lived up for the more-or-less official picture. In backfield stand Crickard, left halfback; White, fullback; Dean, right halfback;

Wood, quarterback and Mages, Crickard's replacement at left half. Crouched in the Crimson line are: Hageman, right end; Koppen, right tackle; Myerick, right guard; Hollowell, center; Eversly, left guard; Hardy, left tackle and Moushlegian, right end.



Arrested history is captured as Stanford halts USC's Shaver. Harvard's Barry Wood punts against Army

Albin Koss (No. 45) scores against Dartmouth in famous game tied 33-33 by Bill Morken's field goal



ATHLETES LOOKING BACK

AFTER THEY were picked by the judges, the Silver Anniversary squad of 1986 filed out a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* questionnaire. This was designed, not so much to discover "what happens to football players" as to learn something of what the achievement men have in common.

Here are the principal questions and the answers of the All-Americans as a group:

In college did you compete in any sports other than football?
Yes—35 No—4

Did you receive scholarship help of any kind in college?
Athletic—7 Academic—5 None—43

Did you earn part of your way by:
Working during semesters—46 Working during vacations—5 No—4

Were you a member of a social fraternity or eating club?
Yes—45 No—7

Did you find time for any nonathletic campus organizations (student government, debating, etc.)?
Yes—45 No—10

Were you elected to any honorary societies or honorary fraternities while in college?
Yes—44 No—7

Did you take military training courses?
Yes—41 No—14

At what level were your college grades?
Honors level—5 B level—5 Average—45

Did you take a graduate degree of any kind after college?
Yes—44 (medicine 5, business and the arts 6, theology 3, law 1) No—11

After leaving college (or graduate school), at what salary did you start your first full-time job?
Average starting salary—\$12.59 a week

Have you married? If so at what age?
Yes—25 Average age—at 24

Number of children, if any?
Average number of children—2.0

Have you ever been divorced?
Yes—2 No—23

About how many hours a week do you devote to your work?
Average—37 hours

Do you take part in any active sports?
Yes—19 (golf 14, hunting 4, swimming 8)
No—6

Does your wife take part in any?
Yes—15 (golf 7, tennis 3, swimming 4)
No—19

What was your weight as a college senior? Today?
As seniors—164 pounds Today—209 pounds

Do you suffer from any old football injuries?
Yes—4 No—24

On the stress-and-strain side of the medical record, have you ever received treatment for:
Ulcers—2 High blood pressure—1
Nervous ailments—0

Are you a regular church member?
Yes—17 No—6

Were you in military service during World War I? If not, did you perform civilian services connected with the war effort?
Military service—8 Civilian service—15

What was your customary playing position in football?
Linebacker—14 Backs—11

If you had it to do again, would you play college football?
Yes—25 No—5

Have you ever served your college in a professional or voluntary capacity since graduation (e.g., coaching, teaching, trustee, alumni work, etc.)?
Yes—17 (teaching 5, coaching or administrative work 3, trustees 1, alumni fund work 7) No—6

How many class reunions have you attended so far?
Average—1

Planning to attend your 25th?
Yes—22 No—3

Ted Jones, the old Yale coach, is supposed to have told his team on the eve of a game with Harvard that they would "never again, as long as you live" do anything as important as represent their college in the big game. Does your experience of life since graduation lead you to support this philosophy or reject it?

Support Ted—1 No—22

A character named Joe and a coach named Tad contributed to the popular picture of the football hero—here are some retouches

A GROUP PORTRAIT

25 YEARS LATER

AS ACT TWO opens, Joe Ferguson, onetime All-American, is bustling around his hostess' living room, arranging chairs and silverware on the rug in the pattern of an old football play. When the play is ready he speaks:

Joe: The ball is snapped back. Now look, here we go! Both of us. (Carrying a plate and a napkin.) Close together. Pading back but threatening a left end run as well as a pass.

Pretty girl: But who are you?

Joe: I'm both of them—Lindstrom and Wernicke. —(Comes forward.) Staskey cuts down the left sideline deep and takes out Wupperman—that's the jam pot. . .

Joe Ferguson is one of the very few All-American football players ever to appear in a Broadway comedy. As invented by James Thurber and Elliott Nugent for *The Male Animal* (1940), he not only added enormously to the effectiveness of the show—he probably managed, as nobody else in fairly modern times, to stereotype the old football hero (roughly spelled C-L-U-C-K) who just can't get over his playing days. Joe Ferguson has "one thousand fish" but on the big game between Midwestern and Illinois, he is far more concerned about enlarging the stadium than getting more books for the run-down library, and his wife is just about to divorce him.

Whether Joe ever existed or not—outside a pleasant comedy hack there in the days when World War II was known as "the phony war," and in the subsequent movie where he was played by Jack Carson—it must be reported that Joe does not show up on the Silver Anniversary squad.

Even back in campus days the Anniversary men appear to have been a remarkably different breed. For one thing, five of the 25 won some kind of academic scholarship against even with football scholarships and 18 with none. Sixteen of them earned part of their way by work during semesters—and the variety of jobs ranged from hustling ice, à la Red Grange, to serving as head-counting chapel monitor. A majority were active in campus affairs other than football, and half a dozen were presidents or vice-presidents of their student government associations. Five graduated with honors (including two Phi Beta Kappas and a Rhodes scholar), five more with grades at B level.

One of the most striking facts revealed by the questionnaire is the number who took graduate degrees: 14. Their total bag includes five M.D.s, five M.A.s, an L.L.B., two bachelors of divinity, a master of theology and a Ph.D., not to mention a mounting score, nowadays, of honorary L.L.D.s and D.D.s. Back in the fall of 1931 Adolf Hitler was still a more-or-less comic figure with a mustache, and

military training in college was not the requirement it has since become; but 11 out of 25 took some form of military training nonetheless.

When the war came for America, virtually all of them had wives and children, but eight went on active duty anyway, wound up in ranks from captains to brigadier general. The stay-at-homes furnished air-raid wardens, Selective Service board members, port and beach security warden and a variety of wartime production experts.

Twenty-five years out of college they are in pretty fair physical trim. Big men to begin with—most of them—they averaged 183 pounds as seniors, confess to being about 15 pounds over playing weight today. But on the stress-and-strain front, only two of them have ever been treated for ulcers (one a doctor himself), only one for hypertension and none at all for the fashionable neurosis or graver psychoses. All have married and, in a generation where the general divorce rate runs to about one in five marriages, the All-Americans average one in 12½.

They are hard workers, averaging, they estimate, 57 hours a week (counting work carried home) at their executive and professional duties. Yet the big majority still finds time for active sport. Golf, for 15 out of 25, is the big favorite. Moreover, most of their wives take part in sport, with golf again the favorite.

Along with old Joe Ferguson, one of the informal philosophers of football has long been Thomas Albert Dwight (Tad) Jones, Yale football hero and longtime successful Yale coach, who once told his team, before a game with Harvard, they would never again in their lives do anything as important as represent their college in the big game. The Silver All-Americans know what Tad was talking about and are inclined to think that a football coach should be allowed a generous amount of hortatory latitude before the big game—but do they really agree with the philosophy? Twenty-two out of 25 shake their heads (and one of Tad's three supporters is a football coach who has been known to use vigorous pregame exhortation himself).

"I get the impression," writes Colorado's James Haley, "that Tad's contract must have been up for renewal."

"While I was at West Point," says Brigadier General Edward W. Suarez, "I never did a greater thing than represent the Army on a football field, and I would do it again, even knowing that I would be missing studies that would cause me to be lower in my class." Today General Suarez, who has a large share of responsibility for the air defense of the United States, rightly feels he has found something more important to do than it was for him to help beat Navy 17-7 back in '31.

For histories, turn the page

1931-56: MEN OF ACHIEVEMENT

Twenty-five years ago these 25 were learning the lessons of football—now they are furnishing U.S. leadership in business, medicine, law, theology, diplomacy, teaching, coaching and the military

Boston U.

ROGER W. BLANCHARD

Dean, Episcopal Cathedral of Jacksonville, Fla.

WHEN Roger Blanchard, lately starting tackle, got out of Boston University in 1932 clutching his A.B., he shared a puzzlement common to college graduates in that Depression spring: how to keep eating. He shipped to the Pacific as a freighter hand, pondered the world and his own uses, turned back and hitchhiked across the U.S. to Episcopal divinity school in Cambridge, Mass. Since then, in seminary and parishes East, Midwest and South, he has reinforced the message of religion with the exigencies of sport, e.g., by organizing a football team among inmates of the Norfolk (Mass.) Prison Colony, by teaching swimming to Air Corps men in World War II. For six years he headed all college work for the Episcopal Church, now serves a southern parish because, with the South in social strain, "the church can be a force for reconciliation."



Brown

CHARLES C. TILLINGHAUST JR.

Corporation lawyer, New York

SATURDAY AFTERNOONS in the fall of 1931, Charles Tillinghust could be found in the center of the Brown line or blanketed on the beach where, as he says, "there was more time for reflection." Nowadays, locating him can be harder; corporation law keeps him busy between New York and Detroit, sometimes takes him overseas. The reflections of Undergraduate Tillinghust led him to Columbia Law School, a near-top standing in his class, a job and eventual partnership with the select Wall Street firm now known as Hughes (for Charles Evans Hughes Jr.), Hubbard, Blair & Reed. Lawyer business tends to be client's business and thus confidential, but the Silver Anniversary judges were also impressed with Tillinghust's longtime community roles. Two current ones: trustee of Brown, treasurer of famous Riverside Church, New York.



NOT ONLY THE 25 whose All-America vignettes are published in this issue, but literally all who were nominated by more than 80 colleges and universities in response to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* invitation, can be called men of achievement. The judges (see page 48) commented on this fact in their verdicts.

"It is not easy to select 25 names from the roster," wrote Meyer Kestelbaum, president of Hart Schaffner & Marx and special aide to President Eisenhower. "Many of the men had distinguished war records and a substantial number of them have been conspicuously successful in their chosen professions. They have quite generally interested themselves in community affairs. It is gratifying to see how many have devoted themselves to working with young people and have exercised a very powerful influence for good."



CLEM E. BENINGER

Pastor, Second Presbyterian Church, Kansas City

THE second of two clergymen on the All-America, Beninger, who played football for traditionally Presbyterian Centre College, Danville, Ky., went to traditionally Presbyterian Princeton Seminary for his theological studies, then to churches in Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia before moving in 1961 to Kansas City's Second Presbyterian where, with a membership of 2,400, he heads one of the largest churches

in the denomination. A generation out of college, he has been an overseer at Centre and a trustee of Princeton Seminary as well as a national councilman of his old college fraternity, Phi Delta Theta. One matter of fair pride: his son Bob made the All-City high school squad last year, playing his father's old position, right end. For Beninger himself now, it's "golf, every Monday morning, the year around when possible."



A. U. (BUCK) PRIESTER JR.

Georgia textiles executive

BUCK PRIESTER decided to be a businessman right away, even if it didn't pay very well at first: \$9 a week (for a 60-hour week) as a workman beginner for the Callaway Mills (textiles), in his home town of LaGrange, Ga. Priester has kept right on going, in his own version of one of the oldest stories in America, to become a vice-president of Callaway and general manager of the same division in which he began

at \$9 a week. He still works close to 60 hours a week (for 104 hours or more his old pay), and last week he and the 5,000 employees in the division produced, among other things, the following: 95,000 square yards of tufted carpet, 65,000 single-unit rugs, 315,000 yards of draperies, 5,000 yards of industrial fabrics. A civic and church (Methodist) leader, he has two sons, one a three-time Clemson football letterman, the other born last year.

Centre

Clemson

continued

Colorado

JAMES HALEY

Physician and surgeon, Leadville, Colo.

JIM HALEY weighed only 150 pounds as a half-back for the University of Colorado but he was the old-fashioned triple-threat kind who could kick, pass and run like something greased, so his college nickname, naturally enough, was Slick. He is a member of the International College of Surgeons now, but he did not turn to medicine until he had tried coaching at a Colorado dust bowl area high school for \$118.50 a month. When they threatened to cut his pay, Slick Haley decided to follow his father in the doctor business. That led to general practice, followed by three years as an Army surgeon in New Caledonia, Okinawa and Korea. Now, with a reputation as one of the finest surgeons in his state, he makes up for the football he misses by a year-round program: golf, tennis, squash, fishing, hunting and trap shooting.



Dartmouth

WILLIAM H. MORTON

Municipal securities dealer, New York

HANCOCK, RUT. MORTON was one of the outstanding football heroes of the 1931 fall; the game in which he kicked a field goal to tie Yale 33-33 is one the Ivy League still talks about. It wasn't Bill Morton's favorite game; tying isn't winning. He prefers the Cornell game: "We beat a superior team by getting the jump, putting on pressure and keeping it there." Morton went from Dartmouth to Wall Street at a bleak time for young bond salesman, stuck with it and started his own investment house, William H. Morton & Co., at 37. Says Bill Morton, who believes in competitive sport as a mold of character and manners: "I played against Harry Wood [see opposite page] for four years. We slugged into each other for four years. Yet we never had a semblance of a harsh word." (For more Morton see page 70.)



Denver

JAMES W. HECKMAN

Telephone company executive, Boise, Idaho

BASKETBALL was Jim Heckman's sport when he entered the University of Denver, but the football coach, Jeff Cravath, who later coached at Southern California, looked over Heckman's husky 6-foot 3-inch frame and made him into a good end. After college he took the first job he could get—as it happened, in a ten-cent store. He did not stay long at that particular job, but he gained a respect for the importance of small change; today he is Idaho chairman of the March of Dimes. That, of course, is only a part-time activity for Heckman—along with being a member of the Governor's Traffic Safety Committee for Idaho and a member of the vestry of Boise's Episcopal Cathedral. For 22 years his job has been the Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Co., where he began at \$90 a month and where he is now, at 46, vice-president and Idaho general manager.





Florida

JOSIAH C. HALL

Superintendent of Public Instruction, Dade County, Fla.



NEXT MONTH Jos Hall takes over as Superintendent of Public Education of the bulging Dade County (Miami) public schools, one of the nation's most challenging positions for an educator. A quiet-spoken man with a resemblance to Gary Cooper, he has been preparing himself in teaching and administrative posts since he left college—a football, boxing, wrestling and deathblow star, debater, president of his fraternity. Today his extracurricular schedule is just as heavy but runs to planning sessions for the establishment of junior colleges in Florida, work for the National Conference of Christians and Jews, square dancing. Still a teacher at heart, his only strictly teaching job nowadays is in a Baptist Sunday school. He is also a qualified pistol teacher; he got quietly good at that during 17 months of destroyer duty in World War II.



Harvard

WILLIAM BARRY WOOD

Vice-president, Johns Hopkins University & Hospital



Before, and after each game in his last season at Harvard, Captain Barry Wood jabbed his thumb and the thumb of aggressive teammates, collected the blood smeared on slides. Captain Wood, quarterback, was curious about the effect of muscular exertion on the leucocytes (white corpuscles). Harvard has never forgotten Barry Wood; the Crimson has not had an All-America backfield man since.

And Wood has never forgotten the leucocytes; his work in microbiology has led medicine well beyond old frontiers of knowledge about the role of the white blood cells in fighting disease. Today, as vice-president of the Johns Hopkins University and the Johns Hopkins Hospital, he is the directing officer of a major share of America's medical research. He was the only unanimous choice of the Silver Anniversary judges.



Harvard

JAMES W. HAMPTON

Arsenal products manufacturer, Philadelphia



AS A FOOTBALL PLAYER Jim Hampton had a long, richly saturated experience of defeat. During his years Hobart lost 27 in a row. The "big game" for him was his last, which he helped Hobart win. So Hampton is a first-class example of a man who played football for the fun of the game, even in adversity. He would do it again for "the training in teamwork and desire to win." After college, both lessons deeply learned, Hampton headed for Harvard Business School and then into business. Today he is president of Keylon, Inc., manufacturers of a versatile and growing line of aerosol sprays, ranging from paints to sun-tan oils, which employs 300 plant workers and salesmen across the U.S.; active in his church, local education and boys' work. "I know," he says, "these years of Hobart football taught me something difficult to learn in most other ways."

continued

SILVER ALL-AMERICA *continued*

Illinois

RAY ELIOT

Head football coach, University of Illinois

A lot of football players try coaching for a while, then pass on to other careers. Ray Eliot made up his mind to be a coach before he ever went to college, headed for Illinois to learn the trade "because Red Grange was going wild out there in those days." There was no athletic scholarship for Ray; while winning his letters in football and baseball he worked at odd jobs around campus, swung a pick on road gangs in the summertime, was short-order cook in a local hash house, a bartender in a downtown nightspot. In the past dozen years Coach Eliot's Illini have been Big Ten champions three times, Rose Bowl winners twice. "I don't know how to explain it," he says, "but I sincerely believe that football is the greatest game in the world. I know it may sound trite, but this is what we preach in my department at Illinois—and friends, this is football!"



Lehigh

G. DOUGLAS REED

Spice company executive, Baltimore

TWENTY-FIVE years after he earned his football letter, Douglas Reed is vice-president in charge of manufacturing for McCormick & Co., the nation's largest spice distributors, with operations as direct in Baltimore, San Francisco, Mexico City and Milan. He was busy this month with the effects of the dock strike on McCormick shipping, with spice inventories at warehouses, production rates at plants. Yet on his desk, too, was the latest financial report of Lehigh University, and part of his work this month has been beseeching alumni contributions to his old school. But work (50 hours a week) and alumni efforts did not prevent Reed from scheduling some duck shooting and family hauling. His quiet conviction: family life comes first. He meets any raised eye with a raised eye. "Isn't that true with everybody?" he asks, with the air of a man who considers it self-evident.



U.S. Military Academy

EDWARD W. SUAREZ

Vice-commanding general, Central Air Defense Force

ARMY went handsomely through a rough schedule in 1951 with sturdy help all season from Right Tackle Suarez. One of the best ways he knows to spend an afternoon, still, is to watch football, but this fall he had to get his games by TV and radio. As a brigadier general in the U.S. Air Force—and vice-commander of America's Central Air Defense Force—he was normally on duty or call 24 hours a day at his base near Kansas City, Mo. A native Mississippian appointed to West Point from Alabama, Suarez switched from infantry to Air Corps, served as a colonel in the Strategic Air Force in the Pacific in World War II. Nowadays General Suarez weighs in at 180 pounds, 15 pounds less than Right Tackle Suarez. The Air Force believes in bananas, and the vice-commanding general of the Central Air Defense Force has just knocked off 25 pounds in the national interest.





Minnesota

CLARENCE L. (BIGGIE) MUNN

Director of Athletics, Michigan State University



BIGGIE Munn, playing his last year for Minnesota, made one of the guard positions on Grantland Rice's All-American (Herman Hickman was the other). His career, like that of Coach Ray Eliot (opposite), has been dedicated, and with conviction, to sports ever since. As coach and director of athletics at Michigan State, he has not only been strikingly successful in producing winning teams but in devel-

oping assistants who have also become head coaches: Kierker at Washington State, Evanshewski at Iowa, Devise at Arizona State, Selbo at Penn. Edwards at North Carolina State and Duffy Daugherty at MSU. Biggie Munn rejects Tad Jones' old dictum, but at Rose Bowl half time in 1954, with his team trailing UCLA, he told his players: "You have 30 minutes left to play, and a lifetime to remember." They roared out and won 34-28.



U.S. Naval Academy

LOUIS J. KIRM

Captain, USN



BRUCE Lutz, they called Kirm when he played halfback for Navy in 1931. He poured out his share of ammunition in World War II, too, won the Distinguished Flying Cross leading his dive bomber squadron from the carrier Saratoga and later, after his ship was torpedoed, won the Navy Cross for strikes from Guadalcanal against the Japanese fleet's "Tokyo Express." A flesh test of Kirm's courage came

in 1951 when he was hit with a rare inflammatory paralysis known as Guillain-Barre's syndrome; Kirm, who could not move a muscle, lived in an iron lung, lost 60 pounds, surprised doctors by pulling through. Then he set himself a rehabilitation schedule that might have worn out an average man. Recovered now, he is finishing studies as a U.S. armed services guest at Britain's Imperial Defence College, takes an Atlantic sea command next month.



Oklahoma

ERNEST L. MASSAD

Housing development and oil leases, Oklahoma



Inter Mike was the nickname clipped on Massad, half affectionally, when he first turned out for football at Oklahoma, a 180-odd pounder with full-back ambitions. With stubborn Syrian pride Mike Massad put on weight and muscle, won his fullback spot, worked hard to earn his way by cleaning floors and helping to build the east wing of the stadium. An ROTC man, he jumped into uniform before Pearl

Harbor and wound up a colonel of artillery with a Silver Star medal for risking his life to help wipe out a Japanese position on Luzon. A successful businessman now in oil leases and housing, Mike Massad says: "Up to the time I played college football I was a pretty rough kid and I'd get into a fight at the drop of a hat. Matter of fact, I'd go out of my way to drop the hat. Then I found out about working with others—teamwork."

Continued

SILVER ALL-AMERICA *continued*

Pittsburgh

RALPH DOUGHERTY

Physician and surgeon, McKeenport, Pa.

"**S**trutted along the line," says Ralph Dougherty, "everyone must find himself. For me it was the game we lost to Notre Dame 21-12, our only defeat that year. I learned that in a tough situation you've got to put a little more into it, more than you think you have. I also learned even that isn't always enough to win." Dougherty outplayed Notre Dame's All-America center, Tommy Yarr, that day and spilled enough other Notre Dames on the field to be elected to their all-opponents team, win All-America mentions himself. Surgeon Dougherty, whose job now is picking up people, was the son of a steamfitter and went to Pitt with the help of an athletic scholarship. Member of the American College of Surgeons, active in community and church affairs, he says: "I would have been a steamfitter too if football hadn't offered me the chance of an education."



Southern Methodist

WILLIS M. TATE

President, Southern Methodist University

WHEN Southern Methodist played Texas on Oct. 31, 1961, there were a number of key players on the field. The team of the future president of SMU (now the team of the future president of the University of Maryland) was 19-67. Tackle Tate of SMU took his first job coaching football in a San Antonio high school (the same town where, 16 years before, an ex-West Pointer named Dwight Eisenhower coached football part-time). A college president needs learning, skill in administration and vision in reaching fiscal objectives. Tate proved his as teacher and graduate scholar, first tutor, dean and vice-president before becoming SMU's president last year. He still retains enough unfettered enthusiasm for football to have been observed just long ago publicly demonstrating the Statue of Liberty play to a Methodist bishop (SL, Oct. 15).



University of Texas

WILSON M. ELKINS

President, University of Maryland

PRESIDENT ELKINS describes himself as another man who would never have gone to college but for an athletic scholarship. Once Texas took him on, he showed how broad his talents really were: he played quarterback and wound up president of the student association, a Phi Beta and a Rhodes scholar (at Oxford he was history, track and rugby). He is the only one of the Silver All-Americans who carries old football scars with him in twice-broken left leg and trick knee, but like the rest he would do it again. At Maryland, where Elkens became president in 1964 after 15 years in Texas college presidencies, winning football has long been a matter of emphasis. Says Elkens, who is interested in raising the academic levels of football squads: "I don't say every football player should be a scholar but if it can give him a chance to learn, then it has been a good thing."





Texas A&M

J. EARL RUDDER

Land Commissioner of the State of Texas



At his desk in Austin this month, busy at the job of being land commissioner of Texas, sat Earl Rudder, who is entitled to wear the Distinguished Service Cross, Silver Star, Legion of Merit, Purple Heart, Bronze Star with oak leaf clusters and the Cross de Guerre with palm. On the morning of June 6, 1944 Lieut. Colonel Rudder stood at the base of a 100-foot cliff four miles west of Omaha Beach, a recruit commanding three companies of U.S. Rangers. On the heights above and beyond, the Germans had stationed a battery of howitzers capable of sweeping Omaha and Utah beaches. Earl Rudder led his rangers by ladders up the cliff (and was twice wounded), silenced the German battery. Rudder played center for Texas A&M in 1931. He disagrees with Tad Jones about the ultimate of ultimates. "My marriage and my five kids come first," he says.



Tulane

ELDON C. UPTON JR.

Insurance executive, New Orleans



THE full name of the right tackle on Tulane's 1933 team was Eldon Chaggett Upton Jr.; his nickname called him "Tix." That was the season Tulane went to the Rose Bowl and lost to Southern California 21-12, and though he still deplores the score, Tix Upton calls his bowl game the best he ever had; he played all 80 minutes, the weather was perfect and "we all felt a big lift playing before that

big crowd." Upton got another big lift last November when, an active Republican in what has long been normally a Democratic stronghold, he helped carry Louisiana for Eisenhower. Both in football and politics this full-time business is representing the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co. as general agent; Upton has known what it is to lose. He thinks football teaches this lesson well. He is fond of football for another reason: "Winning is so much fun."



Vermont

EDWARD M. WINANT

Orthopedic surgeon, New York



THAT year 1931 was not one of Vermont's best seasons in football; the Catamounts won only one game and opposing teams ran up 388 points against them. Quarterback Winant, who led his out-manned team with courage and good grace, is better remembered now at Vermont for his accomplishments since. He stayed on in Burlington for courses in medicine (and coached freshman football), eventually

swung to New York for a career in orthopedic surgery. Demands on his time and skill increased as he became attending orthopedic surgeon at five big city hospitals, but he has devoted consistent effort to building up Vermont's College of Medicine, is now national chairman of a \$7 million Medical Alumni Fund campaign. A wartime Army surgeon, he earned a battle star in the Marianas. "But don't write that down," he says like a Vermonter. "I was just there."

continued

SILVER ALL-AMERICA *continued*

West Virginia

JOHN E. DOYLE

Country doctor, Ridgway, Ill.

ON D-Day, Lieutenant John Doyle waded ashore with his medical unit on Utah Beach (about the time Earl Rudder—see page 82—was silencing German howitzers on the cliffs beyond). Doyle kept right on going—through the battles of the beachhead, Saint-Lô and Mortvedy until his unit reached the Elbe, performed operations in front-line medical stations, earned the Purple Heart, five battle stars and the Bronze Star. John Doyle, halfback and a star of West Virginia's 1941 team, grew up in Pennsboro (pop. 1,200), West Va., and football gave him his chance to go to college. Back in the States after the war, Doyle picked out another small town, Ridgway (pop. 1,000) in southern Illinois, now lugs his country doctor's 20-pound medical bag throughout three counties. His hours: all hours. "Country towns are pretty short on MDs, you know."



William & Mary

JOHN W. TUTTILL

Senior economic officer, Paris Embassy

JOHN TUTTILL weighed 144 pounds when he went out for freshman football at William & Mary and his favorite game is still one against the varsity: "Twice I managed to stop the varsity quarterback." Never heavier than 151 in college, Tuttil won his letter (at end) more by determination than brawn. Told of his election to the Silver All-America, he asked, "Are you sure they've got the right man?" William & Mary is sure. After college Tuttil took graduate business courses, passed examinations for the U.S. Foreign Service and now has spent 15 years specializing in economic affairs. This month, as senior economic officer in the Paris Embassy, it was his job to assess Western Europe's oil needs as a result of the Suez crisis. Involved in the accuracy of his estimates were the warmth, industrial production and mobility of most of free Europe.



Yale

DOUGLAS MACARTHUR II

Counselor, U.S. Department of State

DOUGLAS MACARTHUR II has spent a large part of his life in the echos of great names. At Yale, where he played guard, MacArthur broke his nose three times running interference for his captain, Eli's never-to-be-forgotten Albie Booth. In the Foreign Service, to which he was welcomed in 1936 as the nephew and namesake of the never-to-be-forgotten Douglas MacArthur I, he was assigned to guard duty in a succession of nose-breaking posts in Canada, Italy, Portugal and France. Last week, as Counselor of the State Department, he was preoccupied with Bure, Hungary and the world at large. When the Senate meets in January it will be asked to confirm him as new U.S. Ambassador to Japan. MacArthur takes his confirmation for granted: he is having his subscription to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED transferred from Washington to the U.S. Embassy in Tokyo.





1 Solid white rubber, 7½ to eight inches around and weighing five to 5½ ounces, in play, almost completely unaffected by atmospheric conditions



2 Not less than nine or more than 9½ inches around, yarn wound around cork, rubber or similar material; covered with strips of horsehide



3 A hollow bladder in a leather case, inflated to 12 pounds of pressure; 29½ to 30 inches in circumference, the game is only 67 years old



4 No fewer than 162 grooves, no less than 1.68 inches in diameter; the holes covering his textured markings to aid aerodynamic stability



5 A quarter of an ounce either side of a pound; almost exactly sized was here; (Bavyl Danush and Russell Hardman are both expert players)

THE BALL

It may be wood, rubber or feather; it may bounce, fly or roll, but each is a key element in its sport

AS PART of their games, men hurl, kick, drive or push a wide variety of objects through the air and along the ground. Most have changed considerably through the years as new materials have been developed and new rules devised. None, probably, has undergone a more startling evolution than the football, which began as a human skull and ended as today's inflated spheroid. (Some English workmen, the story goes, were digging up a battlefield after the Danes were driven from Britain in 1025, and uncovered a skull, presumably Danish, which they began kicking around in anger—and so invented a new game.)

As it changed, each object has profoundly influenced the sport in which it is used. By moving faster or slower or more or less accurately, it altered the game's strategy and the delicate balance between offense and defense, which is the essence of many team and man-to-man competitions. Today, for example, it would be simple to design a football which would be easier to handle or easier to kick or to pass. The virtue of the present ball is that it embodies a neat balance of all three functions.

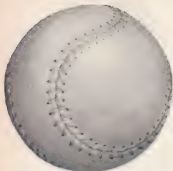
On this and the following pages are John Langley Howarth's brush portraits of many balls used in sports, with descriptions of their composition and dimensions. Since the game is the essence of the ball in all its varied forms, let the reader make a new ball game for himself by studying each painting and description and then identifying it on his own before turning to page 105 for help. A reasonably hip sportsman should be able to get a perfect score.



6 Black rubber, just a shade short of two inches in diameter; from 300-inch drop, must rebound 22 to 25 inches; played indoors and out



7 For some reason, most photographers call this a "Spalding"; it's really a standard tennis ball without felt on the outside; hollow red rubber



8 Kapok wrapped with yarn and covered with latex endowide (about 12 inches around); game often called "katee ball" because girls play it



9 Between 37 and 40 grains in weight; between 40 and 44 inches in circumference; it's not a game to be played outdoors at a high wind

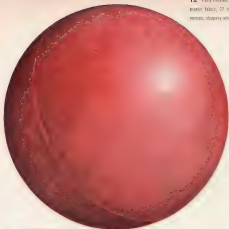


10 Both plastic and leather-covered (like this) balls used; 5 1/2 to 5 3/4 inches, nine inches around; may be the world's oldest stick-and-ball game

11 Pebble-grained leather poddle spheroid, seamed and laced, covering an inflated bladder; game named for well-known school in England



12 Fully inflated bladder covered with thoroughly plastic fabric; 27 to 28 inches around; 14 to 16 canots; slippery when wet, which is almost always



13 Originally the inside of a basketball, now a 17-piece, seamless leather case over rubber bladder; 26 to 27 inches around, more to 18 ounces



14 Solid English willow or bamboo root; 24 inches in diameter; 40 to 45 canots; four-man teams play the game outdoors, three-man teams indoors





17 Leather casing over a rubber bladder; 27 to 28 inches around; game is played in nearly every country in the world under the same rules

15 Slow bouncing, hollow black rubber; just about size of golf ball; game named for distance first round ball makes when it hits against wall



16 Inflated rubber covered with felt; 2 1/7 to 2 1/8 inches in diameter; must bounce from 53 to 58 inches after 100-inch drop to concrete base



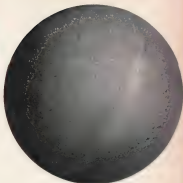
18 Pebble-grained leather (goatskin, sphacoid, steamed and lacred, and covering an inflated bladder; originally same shape as No. 11 (page 88)



19 Solid sphere of any metal not softer than brass, or the shell of such metal filled with lead or other material; both 12-, 16-pounds used



20 Cover of cork built up with string and coated with red leather, stitched on with six seams; 7 1/2-9 inches across around; played ball of



22 Highly polished lignum vitae from 4 1/2-10 to 5 1/8 inches in diameter; made unbalanced so it can be carried easily; game is played on grass

21 Scape of cloth wound tightly and covered with mottled cloth; 2 1/4 inches in diameter; game originated in France in early 18th century



FIRST ARTIST OF THE WINGED WILD

Alexander Wilson, an obscure 18th century Scottish poet, devoted a career to painting the birds of America. Here is his story and, reproduced from original plates, a gallery of his great work

by ROBERT GANTWELL

LONG BEFORE Audubon, the United States possessed one of the greatest of all bird painters. A mysterious character whose work, compared with that of Audubon, is now almost unknown (except for a few rare items in antiquarian circles), the paintings on the following pages are the first to be reproduced in faithful color from Wilson's original hand-colored plates (in more than 240 years), he taught in a country school near Philadelphia, in a building that looked uncomfortably like a jail, there beginning in 1803 his survey of all the birds of America, from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi River. And it was a task which he faithfully completed, picturing 820 birds in his *American Ornithology*. He was a discoverer of birds as well—the whippoorwill, the song sparrow, the canvasback and the Mississippi kite were first distinguished and named by him, along with 51 other distinct American species. As a pioneering effort, his ornithological work has never been surpassed, his address comparing him to the greatest of explorers, a kindred spirit of Sir Francis Drake.

This man's name was Alexander Wilson, and his career was as remarkable as the lifework he left behind when he died. He was 37 years old before he began his great work. The nine volumes of *American Ornithology* appeared between 1808 and 1834, one of the finest works of art produced in the United States, the first classic of color printing, an explosion of color, hundreds of radiant paintings, vivid and exuberant, coupled with some of the most concise, informal and mesmerizing nature writing ever put into print. Other naturalists, especially Audubon, created more spectacular plates, but Wilson excelled them all in capturing the wildness of

wildlife, the mysterious quality of being different from tame; his birds were really wild.

This freedom of approach, the devotion inspired by admiration and constantly enlivened by new delight, which characterizes Wilson's work, was no accident. He was not a native American; in fact, one of the obscurities about him is that few people even knew he became an American citizen; he was born in Scotland, worked as a weaver in his youth, got into trouble with the law and emigrated hastily to the United States at the age of 28. Tall and awkward as Irving's Ichabod, he presently numbered among his

friends Thomas Jefferson and the famous trail blazer to the West, Meriwether Lewis.

But Wilson's interest in birds began with the day he landed in 1794. The ship *Swif* put him ashore at New Castle, Delaware, and as he had no money he walked through the woods to Wilmington, 17 miles away. On the way he saw a redheaded woodpecker, which impressed him as the most beautiful bird he had ever seen. He shot it. (Wilson was a dead shot, and it subsequently developed that he had been, for a brief time, a poacher in his native Scotland.)

Thereafter his daily tasks were largely interruptions in his study of the flying wildlife of his adopted land. He picked up odd jobs in Philadelphia, despite the depression that followed the yellow fever plague the year before. He worked as a loom operator, then in an engraving shop, became a surveyor, wrote poetry and did a little illegal distilling. When his biography was published, long after his death, it was revealed that his father had been a highly



ALEXANDER WILSON

America's pioneer ornithologist in a contemporary painting by Rembrandt Peale.

continued on page 57

WILSON'S OWN HAND-COLOURED PLATES, HEREIN ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES, ARE TRULY EXTRAORDINARY TREASURES







Hirundo lunifrons (Linn.)



1. *Hyppobolus*

2. *Hyppobolus* 3. *Hyppobolus* 4. *Hyppobolus*

ALEXANDER WILSON

continued from page 82

respected illicit distiller of Scotch whisky in Paisley, Scotland.

Wilson finally settled down to teaching school, though he had no formal education himself, but he was an odd schoolteacher, constantly leaving his classroom in pursuit of some unclassified bird and neglecting to come back. For ever climbing trees and plunging into swamps, he mystified the people; once he was thought to be a British spy.

One of the most candid, open, honest, winning and successful men in the history of literature, Wilson was entirely unaware of the impression he made on other people. He was romantic and impulsive, usually in love with some well-born girl whose parents objected to him. His affections settled at last on Sarah Miller, a handsome Philadelphia heiress who visited her uncle in Millstown, where Wilson was teaching school. But this affair, like the others, was beset by difficulties. These gave rise to extraordinary reactions on Wilson's part; on one occasion when there was some dreadful catastrophe, with the girl involved forbidden to see him, he wrote gloomy poetry about graveyards and solitude, about someone who loved him "dearer than her own soul," and he walked to Niagara Falls and back, a distance of 1,200 miles. On his return he wrote a 2,000-line poem about his journey in which he combined accounts of every pleasant, caribuck, quail, teal, plover and duck that he shot on the way with ferocious exclamations, such as "Hail, rural industry!" and tributes to the noble profession of schoolteaching.

BUT IT WAS the birds of America which preoccupied Wilson more than anything else. Accustomed only to the far more commonplace and tamer species of his native Scotland, he developed an almost hysterical feeling about their wildness. The bird life of America was so much richer than that of Europe that it hinted at the existence of a natural pattern of life on this continent, something that had existed before the coming of the white man, to which the habits and migrations and interwoven economy of birds provided a clue. Each spring, in the 40 days between March 21 and May 1, 100 million birds flew into Pennsylvania from the South. Wilson was so impressed by the magnitude of the feathered invasion that he made a systematic study of it. It being obviously impossible to count the birds on the wing, he limited his study to eight acres of woodland (1,400,000 of the Pennsylvania woods). There were 102 nesting wrens, orioles, warblers, robins, catbirds, flycatchers, sparrows, peewits, yellow-breasted chats and purple grackles who were summer residents of the eight acres, not counting the young birds, or the jays, hummingbirds and scarlet tanagers whose nests he could not find, nor guessing at the number merely passing through. The estimate of 100 million was conservative. The bird population of the United States, he concluded, was incalculable. There is only one species of hummingbird in the country, for example, but there were more hummingbirds in the United States than there were wrens in Europe.

This tremendous abundance was part of what Wilson had in mind—ducks whistled past him like meteors, he wrote in a graphic description—but it was not the central part. Wilson thought of the importance of birds as something diffused all through life rather than exemplified by the migration of species. High over Niagara Falls, he saw eagles gliding at immense heights, sailing in easy circles, passing in a few minutes from summer into winter, from the

intense cold of their highest flight to torrid summer below, outstripping the elements, unswayed by anything but man—a bird of genius and energy, "heros, contemplative, daring and tyrannical—attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but, when put forth, overpowering all opposition." At the opposite extreme there were the green, silky, golden-bespangled wings of the hummingbird or the diving clouds of blackbirds wheeling in the smoky air of Indian summer, or the chimney swallow that he could never find in the American woods, an active and innocent little bird, so constantly in motion that each full-green swallow would fly some two million miles in its lifetime. All these, and thousands upon thousands more, were aspects of nature in America that differed in degree or in kind from nature in the Old World—fragments of some pervasive element in American life, something filtering through all fields, orchards, forests, farmhouses, villages; taken for granted and yet never really ignored by the inhabitants, and still responding to terrestrial patterns formed before the country was settled.

Not only were there more birds in America than in Europe, uncounted billions more; there was also a greater range of species, there were more dazzling colors, more varied and exuberant songs, more extraordinary and ingenious adjustments to conditions. Wilson was absorbed in duplicating exactly the plumage of the birds he pictured: the brilliant red and jetty black of the scarlet tanager; the glossy golden-yellow and the bright flame color of the golden-crowned wren; the rich lemon-yellow, reddish cinnamon, brown-olive and dusky bluish black of the goldfinch; the soft pale rose of exotic birds like the vesper spoorbill; or the rich vermilion and dusky brown of the summer redbird. A fragment of the original wildness of America persisted despite the settlement of the continent, something elusive and brilliant, diffusing a peculiar radiance in its intangible and constantly shifting pattern of vivid and vibrant life.

Bird songs in Scotland were comparatively rare. Even around farmhouses in the countryside the evening air was silent. But as soon as Wilson landed in the United States he became aware of a tremendous nationwide clucking, twittering, whistling, chattering, rattling and clanging arising from every bush, tree, orchard and field in the country. Oaks screeched and hoisted all night, the cardinal sang its tremendous notes at the first light of dawn, the great belted kingfisher uttered its prolonged metallic shout as it dived over the rivers, uncounted millions of woodpeckers pounded on trees, their brains secured in thick membranes to save them from concussion. The song of the robin, distinguished for its cold rather than talent, rose as the day warmed, and the chorus swelled with the song of the goldfinch and the bluebird, the chat, redbstart, pine creper, indigo bird and vast multitudes of nuthatches, uttering their peculiar quack quack sound as they traveled upside down on the trunks of trees—a most singular, noisy, restless and interesting scene it seemed to the young immigrant, and one of which the writings of naturalists in those days gave no indication whatever. Even in the hot afternoon there were still the soft indolent notes of the flycatcher, the extraordinary languidly of the summer redbird, and the vehement waddings of house wrens. Twilight fell, and millions upon millions of seashores swarmed around every village and farm in the country, their songs changing from a single chirp to a sprightly and cheerful warble as the fall advanced and they prepared to return south. In the darkness the whippoorwills began their mysterious calls, and the wild yelling

continued on next page

ALEXANDER WILSON

(continued from page 37)

of owls began again as these grave and antiquated wanderers set out through the night.

The storm continued all year. The cardinal still sang in the frozen Pennsylvania woods in January. The snow-bunting, which Wilson believed to be the most numerous of American birds, arrived in multitudes as winter set in, a sure prognostic of storms. The yellow-billed cuckoo, known as the rain crow, was also part of this natural almanac; it became clamorous just before rain. The early settlers in America had learned that as soon as they heard the song of the pewee flycatcher it was safe to plant peas and beans; there would be no frost. "Towards the middle of June," wrote Wilson, "he becomes nearly silent; and late in the fall gives us a few farewell and melancholy repetitions, that recall past imagery, and make the decayed and withered face of nature still more melancholy." The song of the bluebird, too, changed in October to a single plaintive note as he flew over the many-colored woods, bound for the South.

Wilson had only 74c to his name when he began pinning down this tremendous and tearing storm in words and paintings. He was unmarried, considered himself a complete failure in life and once wrote that he was a dead tree in a green forest. He had become an American citizen, taking the oath of allegiance in a Philadelphia court and solemnly renouncing all fidelity to "any Prince, Potentate, State Sovereignty whatever, and particularly to the King of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain, and Ireland of whom he was before a subject." But the ceremony was private; his friends seem not to have known of it; and the fact that he became an American citizen has never been mentioned in his biographies. As far as his qualifications as a naturalist were concerned, he knew no science, had to study Latin in order to be able to classify species and could not even draw. But he had one invaluable asset in the friendship of the aged naturalist William Bartram, an almost saintly pioneer botanist, whose father founded Bartram's Gardens, Wilson being almost a member of the family.

He set to his task of picturing and describing all the birds in America with extraordinary zeal. He began by skitching owls on the backs of old letters and the corners of sheets of paper. He used a stuffed owl in his classroom as a model. One of his students caught a mouse while school was in session—the academic routine seems to have been pretty informal—and brought it to Wilson to kill and fix in the owl's class. Wilson, however, decided to sketch the mouse alive. "I set about drawing it that same evening," he wrote, "and all the while the paintings of its little heart showed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear." He made on this occasion the highly important discovery that while he could not easily draw dead specimens, or tame specimens, he achieved something unforced and natural in his drawing of live and wild life. Even more important, he discovered that, while he had to compel himself to draw static or inanimate subjects, he was ceaselessly fascinated by the wildness of wildlife. He was drawing with intense concentration when he accidentally spilled a few drops of water near where the mouse was tied. "It lapped it up with such eagerness," he wrote, "and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me." Wilson freed the mouse, incidentally writing an account of the episode that has been called a masterpiece of nature writing.

His students became deeply interested in his programs, and one of them brought him a large basket filled with live

crows. A passerby gave him a nest of young hummingbirds. From drawing live crows and mice Wilson graduated to live blue jays and woodpeckers, his favorite subjects. Soon his room contained so many live hawks, owls, opossums, squirrels, snakes and lizards that it resembled Noah's ark. Wilson issued a formal order to his students that no one should bring him a basket of live frogs.

His mastery of bird painting developed with amazing speed. He had no paper to work on, using the flyleaves of old books, or wan sheets of coarse paper pasted together. These he covered with some of his finest work. By the time he had 100 bird paintings finished to his satisfaction, he was ready to tackle the problem of reproducing them.

He first tried to form a partnership with Alexander Lawson, an engraver who had recently arrived in Philadelphia and who later became famous. Lawson backed out when he realized the magnitude of the task. In fact, Lawson thought Wilson was crazy. Wilson was sure that he was not crazy, but shortly after this he dropped his gun while



ON TRIP TO PHILADELPHIA, WILSON (CENTER) MEETS A BATTLEWORN

he was hunting, and it went off and nearly killed him. Wilson suddenly thought that if he had died on the spot everyone would believe he had killed himself. He therefore decided to be cheerful and matter-of-fact, and quit playing his flute in the woods. He borrowed some copperplates from Lawson, and an engraver's tool, and set about engraving his drawings himself.

Wilson really had a very ingenious and practical scheme. He calculated that he could picture all the birds of America in a 10-volume set and that he could manufacture the books for \$12 a volume, or \$120 for the whole set. He wanted to get a few plates made, and with these he could get enough subscriptions to pay for the printing of the first

volume. With the first volume in hand, he could solicit subscriptions for the entire set. He would use familiar birds in the first volumes and then, as the proceeds came in, he would be able to travel around the country collecting rarer specimens for the last volumes and also selling subscriptions to the 10-volume edition. He figured he would need only 200 subscriptions to finance the job.

EVERETTSON depended on the engravings, for he could not collect the first subscriptions unless he had some samples to show the quality of the work the books would contain. Wilson followed the process of copperplate engraving of the day, which began by painting a film of varnish over the polished copperplate. He transferred his drawings—for example that of the blue jay, one of his masterpieces—to the film by rubbing, a process no more complicated than using carbon paper. He then used Lawson's engraving tool to cut through the film of varnish, along the lines of the jay's feathers and bill to the copper underneath. Then he put a bank of wax around the whole plate and poured nitric acid into the space enclosed by the wax. The acid cut the lines of the drawing into the copper, the film of varnish protecting the rest of the plate.

As soon as Wilson had cut his first engravings, he rushed the plates to Lawson and asked him to make proofs at once. He said he was leaving town and had to see if they were any good before he left. As soon as the proofs were pulled, he knew that his project was feasible. Wilson's engravings were as good as Lawson's, if not better. The copperplates, of course, were merely in black and white. The color still had to be applied by hand. It was washed over the engraving with a brush, the dark lines of the feathers showing through the tints. Wilson hastily colored the plates he had made, finishing them by candlelight.

Having already sent some of his bird drawings to President Jefferson, he now asked Bartram to relay to the President his application for a job as naturalist with an exploring expedition that was setting out for the Rockies under Lieutenant Zebulon Pike. At this point the whole business becomes a mystery. Jefferson replied with enthusiasm about Wilson's bird pictures. But he never mentioned Wilson's request for a job. After Wilson's death, Jefferson was attacked for his "contemptuous neglect" of the naturalist.

Distressed, the aged ex-President searched his records and could find no mention of Wilson's application. He wrote to the former Secretary of War, Henry Dearborn, and to General James Wilkinson, the two officials besides himself who knew of Pike's expedition before it set out. Their replies convinced Jefferson that by the time Wilson's letter reached him it had not contained Wilson's request for a job. Contemporary scholars believe that a page was abstracted from Wilson's letter before Jefferson had received it, or that a subordinate pigeon-holed the request. The importance of the mix-up was that while Wilson and Jefferson became friendly, Wilson was never given any official standing.

Wilson still had no money to publish his books, but he had been given a \$500-a-year job in Philadelphia as assistant editor of an encyclopedia and he used the post to promote the sale of his bird books. Traveling to New York to get Robert Fulton's article on steamboats, he showed Fulton his bird pictures, and Fulton subscribed. Tom Paine, then living in crazy old age in Greenwich Village, put his name down for a set of 10. The Governor of New York threw Wilson out of his office, saying he wouldn't give \$100 for all the birds in the books, even if they were alive. But, by and large, people were interested. From friends around

Philadelphia, including an impressive array of Biddies, Rittenhouses and other eminent names, Wilson secured enough subscribers to induce Samuel Bradford, the publisher of the encyclopedia, to finance the books. Lawson was hired to make the engravings. Robert Carr, an intimate friend of Wilson's, who later became Colonel Carr of the United States Army with Wilson's help, did the actual printing, cutting a special type face for the job, which was a superlative one.

The first volume appeared in September 1808. Twenty-five hundred copies of a prospectus were sent to wealthy individuals, and the book was favorably reviewed, but no one had any advance knowledge that it would be as fine as it turned out to be. Late in the month Wilson set out on the first of his great journeys selling his book. He later described how, as he went from house to house, he noticed people beginning to point him out until he felt himself to be the most conspicuous individual in every town he entered. The professor of natural history at Princeton turned out to be a man who could not tell a sparrow from a woodpecker, and Wilson did not get an order. He went on through Rutgers College at New Brunswick, then to Elizabeth and Newark without selling a single subscription.

In New York City he did a little better, for the Columbia College library subscribed to the set, and the professors introduced him to people who were interested in his work. De Witt Clinton subscribed, as did Gouverneur Morris, Robert Livingston, Rufus King and John Gardiner of Gardiner's Island, where Captain Kidd's treasure had been found—a picturesque old aristocrat whose hobby was the study of eagles.

WILSON sailed to New Haven, where he interviewed the professor at Yale without getting an order. He made his way to Middletown, Connecticut on foot, where he met a man who gave him some stuffed birds, and a young woman who gave him some information about the bag-brained warbler, but where he could not sell any subscriptions. Passing on through Hartford, Worcester and Springfield he reached Boston, where the great merchant, Israel Thomas, as well as two clergymen and a physician, subscribed. But Harvard turned him down. At Salem, General Elias Hasket Derby, the great New England sea captain, bought a set, and after passing through Maine without success, Wilson sold another to Dartmouth College. He got back to Philadelphia after three months, sick and exhausted, having sold only 41 subscriptions.

In desperation Wilson then called on President Jefferson at the White House. He did not ask anyone to introduce him, nor did he write in advance. He merely sent in his name and waited. Jefferson was delighted to see him. He had himself identified many American birds in his *Notes on the State of Virginia* and wanted to ask Wilson some questions about the ground robin.

With the President's backing, Wilson's fortunes improved. He secured 17 subscriptions in Washington and 24 in Virginia. Meriwether Lewis, who became his personal friend, gave him the rarest specimens of the unknown birds he had shot on the Lewis and Clark expedition and visited him personally to tell him all that he knew about the extreme point of the northern migrations of the blue jay or the strange black-and-white crow seen near the mouth of the Columbia. Wilson made three of his greatest paintings—the Louisiana tanager, Clark's crow and Lewis' woodpecker—as a result of Meriwether Lewis' specimens and

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ALEXANDER WILSON

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information. And the doors of southern plantation houses were now opened freely to him. In another three months' trip on horseback that took him as far south as Savannah, he secured 250 subscribers to his set of books. He was even paid \$12 in advance—the first actual cash he received—when he sold a set to General James Wilkinson, then the ranking general of the United States Army.

Back in Philadelphia, Wilson finished the text for volume two, and as soon as it appeared in January of 1810 hurried to the state capital to persuade the legislators to buy a set of the books for the state library. From Harrisburg he made his way over the mountains on foot to Pittsburgh, a disappointing trip ornithologically, although he did see a great many owl and delighted in the moonlight "shining in deathlike stillness on the icy plain."

PITTSBURGH was booming, with clouds of smoke rising from its furnaces and glassworks—"a noble picture," he said—and Wilson lined up 19 subscribers among its industrialists. As soon as the ice broke on the Ohio, on February 23, 1810, he set out in a rowboat down the river. The weather was warm and serene, though cakes of ice still floated with the current beside him. He heard a redbird whistling on the shore, a bird he always regarded with particular affection, considering it one of the most elegant and beautiful in the American woods. He made 52 miles the first day and spent the night in an abandoned log cabin, a night made hideous by the howling of great horned owls—a foreboding, solitary and mysterious, and so discordant in the silence and gloom, that it always aroused sensations of awe and abhorrence."

After two weeks of drifting with the current, he ran into his first birds, a flock of Carolina parakeets (which he called parrots) seeking shelter in a stormstorm. He captured one of these strange birds, strange because of their quizzical air, marvelous powers of flight and lame and crippled gait on the ground. He improvised a cage for it on the stern of his rowboat. The bird learned to know its name, to come when called, to sit on his shoulder and to eat from his mouth. When he went ashore he wrapped it in his handkerchief and put it in his pocket, although, he said, "we generally had a quarrel over this." At night he slept by the roots of trees, his parakeet dozing by his side or gazing at the fire with great composure.

In 21 days Wilson and his parakeet reached Louisville. There he called on a young stockbroker born in the French West Indies, to try to sell him a subscription to his set of books. This was John James Audubon, whose career as a naturalist had not yet begun. After Wilson's death, a fierce quarrel developed between Wilson's adherents and Audubon, with Wilson's followers accusing Audubon of plagiarism. The bitterness of the dispute seems out of all proportion to the issues involved, but echoes of it still persist. Their meeting at Louisville, however, was friendly. Audubon wanted to subscribe to Wilson's books and started to do so, but his partner in the store dissuaded him. Audubon showed Wilson some of his first bird drawings (which were so awkward and amateurish as Wilson's early work had been), and Wilson said they were good. The two ornithologists made one bird-hunting trip together, found nothing, and Wilson sold his boat, bought a horse and started across Kentucky with his parakeet.

A day's travel after leaving Audubon he left the road to study a pigeon roost, one of the remote breeding places of

the now extinct passenger pigeon. The roost was in a forest of beech trees, roughly three miles wide and 40 miles long, and Wilson counted an average of 50 nests in each tree. The flock inhabiting this roost was so enormous that the limbs of the trees were broken, the leaves stripped, and the ground literally covered with droppings. The food in the area was exhausted, and the passenger pigeons flew north to Indiana each morning to feed on the prairies. While Wilson was roosting beside Henson Creek about one o'clock in the afternoon, they began to return to the roost, flying with great steadiness and speed at a height above gunshot, several strata deep, darkening the sky as far as he could see in both directions. He timed them. At 6 o'clock that night the flock was still passing overhead. Assuming they were flying a mile a minute, the flock was 240 miles long. He estimated that there were at least three pigeons to the square yard, probably more—which meant that this one flock contained more than 2 billion birds.

He made his way 240 miles to Nashville, shooting grouse, noting whippoorwills, brown larks, warblers, swallows, and gradually becoming fastened with preserved bird specimens, leathers and his drawings and paintings. He carried his drawing equipment with him and sketched or painted each new specimen on the spot.

His friend Meriwether Lewis had died mysteriously in a cabin on the Natchez. Three a short time before, and Wilson set aside his bird studies to make his way through 500 miles of wilderness to investigate Lewis' death. It was officially listed as a suicide, though the circumstances suggested murder. Wilson collected all the available facts and sent them to Sarah Miller. She published his account in a Philadelphia magazine, and it has remained as the only reliable record of the great explorer's fate. As Wilson went on after asking questions about Lewis, he himself became deathly ill. He was in a swamp in the Indian country of Mississippi, hundreds of miles from a white settlement, when he found himself virtually paralyzed and barely able to keep on his horse. He nevertheless made his way to Natchez, where he was astonished to secure 14 subscriptions to his books. "You seem to be traveling for the good of the world," an landowner told him, when Wilson tried to pay his bill. "I cannot and will not take your money."

To Wilson's bewilderment, he found he had become a success. A great plantation owner gave him living quarters and the run of his acres. In New Orleans, he sold 60 subscriptions to his books in a few days, more than he had sold in Philadelphia in years. Most of the 500 sets that were printed, in fact, were sold in the South, while 15 were sold in Europe and England. Wilson also found himself in an ornithologist's paradise. On one of his first trips out after his illness he shot on the wing, and brought down alive, a new species of hawk that he named the Mississippi kite, an immense and haughty bird that regarded him with a curious personal hatred as he painted it and nearly severed a finger from his hand in an unguarded moment. From bird-loving Louisianians he heard endless stories of mockingbirds and of the celebrated posthumous warbler, rarely seen outside deep woods, and the painted hunting, a scintillating and winning little bird that the French called le pope and the Americans in Louisiana called the nonpareil. Traveling to Florida, to the swamps at the mouth of the Mississippi and to Army camps and plantations in the interior, Wilson was dazzled by the flocks of herons and flamingos and fortified in his conviction that the abundance of American bird life hinted at the existence of some natural pattern of life on this continent that man could scarcely study with profit.

His southern trip was the last of his great bird-collecting and book-selling expeditions. The years left to him were spent finishing the drawings, writing the essays and coloring the plates of the last volumes of *American Ornithology*. He was now engaged to marry Sarah Miller, but after "all these disappointments" which seem to have lasted for years, new problems delayed their wedding. Wilson had made no profit on his books. Lawrence's two daughters got \$5,000 for coloring some of the plates—an unprecedented sum for women to earn in those days—but Wilson had not been paid. When the War of 1812 broke out, Wilson's colorists left him, and he had to color the last volumes himself. The publisher then refused to advance him any more money until he himself had been paid. Wilson refused to continue the work until he received something. The upshot was that Wilson made a final trip through New England to attempt to collect from subscribers. His health failed on the way, the rapid palpitation of his heart making travel difficult.

At Haverhill, Wilson was arrested as a spy. He was dismayed by the charge. He could say, truthfully: "Few Americans have seen as much of their country as I have done, and none have it more." He was certainly no spy (and in fact the charges were quickly dropped), but an element of mystery clung to him: people could not believe anyone could be as interested in birds as Wilson was. He died soon after this incident, supposedly as a result of exposure while searching for some unknown species of water bird near Little Egg Harbor, New Jersey. He left all his possessions, consisting only of his rights to *American Ornithology*, to Sarah Miller. Her brother later became a celebrated Congressman, and in later years she herself married into the Huttenhouse family.

Behind the relative obscurity of Wilson's life and work there was a double mystery. In his lifetime his books made him known to informed people, but he could never get over a subtle sense of estrangement from the public at large. After his death he remained a favorite with collectors, while Audubon became universally celebrated. Part of the reason for Wilson's obscurity is mechanical. It was never possible to reproduce his books. The hand-coloring of 49-odd bird pictures in each of the nine volumes, with 560 sets printed, meant that something like 182,944 pictures had to be colored with the most painstaking and delicate detail. When Charles Lucien Bonaparte, a nephew of Napoleon and amateur ornithologist, brought out a new edition of Wilson's work in 1825, the color reproductions were so inferior they gave no indication of the quality of Wilson's own paintings. Meanwhile, Audubon's great folios had appeared, with their bold design and spectacular color and, though naturalists sometimes said, as did the scholarly John Cassin, that "all statements made by Audubon are to be received with caution," his color and life endeared him to people who did not know of Wilson's existence.

EVERY nature writer who venerates Wilson as the father of American ornithology often praises him for his writing alone. The 299 prose essays on birds scattered through the nine volumes of *American Ornithology* are unrivaled in English literature. While he sat in his schoolroom at Gray's Ferry after school hours, painting tansagers and grackles on the flyleaves of old books, Wilson also made notes on such subjects as the flight of the red-bellied nuthatches, darting through the bushes like so many tumbleweeds and rope dancers, or the extraordinary song of the yellow-breasted chat, filled with anger and anxiety, hoarse and vehement, occasionally sounding like the barking of puppies

and more often like a crowd of foreigners lost in the woods and gabbling together in a strange dialect.

He became a master at describing bird flight and bird song, perhaps the most difficult natural phenomena to put into words. "This elegant bird," he wrote of the blue jay, "appears to be among his fellow musicians what the trumpeter is in a band, some of his notes having no distant resemblance to the notes of that instrument. These he has the faculty of changing through a great variety of modulations, according to the particular humor he happens to be in. When disposed to ridicule, there is scarce a bird whose peculiarities of song he cannot turn his notes to. When engaged in the blandishments of love, they resemble the soft chattering of a duck, and . . . are scarce heard a few paces distant; but no sooner does he discover your approach, than he sets up a sudden and vehement outcry, flying off, and screaming with all his might, as if he called the whole feathered tribes of the neighborhood to witness some outrageous usage he had received." The blue jay's love call, Wilson found, might readily be mistaken for the repeated croakings of an ungrazed wheelhorse, and all his songs were accompanied "with various nods, jerks and other gesticulations, for which the whole tribe of jays is so remarkable."

The red-bellied woodpecker, Wilson discovered, could bark like a dog; the songs of the purple finch and rose-breasted were limited to a single chirp; the song of the cow-bunting was no more than a low spluttering noise; the golden-crowned wren had a chirp as feeble as that of a mouse; the catbird's cry sounded like some vagrant orphan kitten beset by the brats; and the marsh wren had no song other than "a low crackling noise, like air bubbling in mud." But accompanying these homely and tore-and-torn singings

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"Now, there's Audubon off at the Ross Board in its mountain!"

ALEXANDER WILSON

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were American bird songs whose "sweetness, variety and melody are surpassed by no country on earth"—the wild plaintiveness of the Baltimore oriole, or the thrilling song of the wood thrush, silent in the heat of the day, a few clear musical notes rising in a kind of ecstasy in the evening or heard in the depths of dripping woods in rainstorms.

Wilson came to the conclusion that the song of the American mockingbird was superior to that of the nightingale, and supported his conviction in one of the most brilliant essays on nature ever written. The point of his argument was that the mockingbird's own song was rarely heard, a lyric somewhat like that of the nightingale and the wood thrush, but stronger and more varied. If this were its only song (as the nightingale has only its own song) the sense of its strangeness would vanish. The economy of nature provided that the bird could keep its vocal powers at full strength, without exhausting its own lyricalism, by imitating every other sound it heard—singles and ballings, wrens, dogs, crows or squeaking wagon wheels. Thus the mockingbird could sing endlessly with astonishing humor and without repeating itself, enlivening the woods with its parodies. It could sing the wood thrush's song better than the wood thrush itself. When it did so, other birds grew silent. Still stranger, the mockingbird was equipped with a natural sort of tape recorder, an electronic brain—if it had heard a wood thrush's song interrupted by the barking of a dog, it could repeat these sounds note for note at a later period, each dog bark breaking in where it had done so before, with perhaps a few cack crows and hen cackles added on the impulse of the moment. Wilson's admiration for mockingbirds was boundless. He watched them driving dogs to distraction by imitating to absolute perfection the whistle of the dogs' masters, meanwhile studying the caresses and their perplexity with alert and friendly curiosity. Wilson could well understand why trained mockingbirds brought \$25 to \$100 apiece in the early days of the country. But he was even more impressed by the courage and intelligence of "this noble bird." During the incubation period, neither cat, dog, snake nor man could approach a mockingbird's nest without being attacked. The birds flew above the approaching marauder, folded their wings and dropped like arrows, striking a cat or black snake directly on the back of the head and flying out of reach in an instant, killing snakes often with one blow.

WILSON was thus really a double character, a masterly writer whose prose was buried in his very expensive books and an artist whose work could reach only a very few people. And he led a double life in another sense. The deepest reason for Wilson's obscurity—part of the reason why he is still so little known—was personal. Wilson had already lived one full career before he reached the United States. He was one of these amazingly gifted youths who appear from time to time in the history of English literature, like Chatterton or Keats, who seem to be born with their genius fully developed.

Wilson's home town of Paisley in Scotland was one of the first great industrial centers in the early days of power machinery. His mother died when he was 10, and he was apprenticed to a loom operator. He became so expert at a highly specialized branch of weaving—game making—that he could weave 150 feet of gauze, a week's output, in a few days. He spent his free time educating himself and writing poetry, producing, anonymously, work of such

quality that it was attributed to Robert Burns. On the strength of a few poems written in his early youth he was ranked close to Burns in the roll of Scots poets.

During the French Revolution young Wilson wrote a series of sardonic masterpieces against the millowners, non-capitalists in general but specific individuals in the town of Paisley. He also wrote a satire on George III. All these works were unquestionably libelous. In fact, some of Wilson's poetry is still unquenchable. One poem, titled "The Shark" and directed against a local millowner, finally got him into serious trouble. An early biographer describes it: "One night, as he was returning from the printer's, he was seized by some spies, and papers were found upon him, which threw sufficient light upon the birthright of the poem. He was immediately prosecuted before the sheriff, sentenced to a short imprisonment, and compelled to burn the libel at the public cross of Paisley with his own hands; which last infliction, his tormentors, knowing the natural affection of a poet for his own productions, thought, and probably were correct in thinking, the unkindest cut of all."

Later accounts say that punishment was regarded as a mere formality and that the burning took place while the square was deserted. But Wilson looked upon the whole experience as grotesque and shameful, humiliating in a deep and irremediable way. The United States seemed to him to be the promised land, a new hope for mankind in the political system and a link to a fresh and unspoiled part in its closeness to nature.

With his unknown past, his celebrity in his youth, his new career, the fact that the quality of his work was not generally known, it was inevitable that Wilson could not have the popular confidence he deserved. He seems to have resented himself to remaining obscure and unknown. But as he approached the end of his life work, he wrote, rather wistfully, that he hoped his bird paintings might be remembered "when fumes, villages, towns and glittering cities, thick as the stars in a winter's evening, overspread the face of our beloved country." (E.E.B.)



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SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR:
ALL HONOR TO THIS GLADIATOR
Sir:

I nominate as **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S** Sportsman of the Year **Sal Maglie**, the indomitable old pro who gave us baseball's finest hour in the 1964 pennant stretch drive. Maglie, in my opinion, merits this recognition because he has made the ball circle from the game's-the-ching youngsters to money-to-all gas, only to become once more the athlete driven by the spirit of the game.

There were times last season when a perceptive ear could hear the old man's joints protest the strain, but so intently consumed was he with his mission on the mound that he acquiesced all with the singular firmness of his determination. All honor to this gladiator, this survivor of a thousand strains, this slayer of a thousand lesser men, who achieved his ultimate triumph through resources of spirit and skill 10 years in the making.

GREGORY BROWN

Boston

SPORTSMAN HE STANDS ALONE
Sir:

This time there can be no discussion. John Landy is the only worthy candidate. His inspiration to his fellow athletes, taken with the magnitude of his own achievements, make him stand alone in sports.

JOHN RIPLEY STORM

New York

SPORTSMAN: RELUCTANT CREDIT
Sir:

I do not quite agree with the self-nomination of Avery Brundage for the Nobel peace prize, but I think the man deserves the almost equal distinction of becoming your Sportsman of the Year for 1966. Before your readers meet me for this evening banquet, reflect: did he not stage the Olympics in a world torn with strife, with a feeling of brotherhood toward all? Does he not symbolize the trend of 1966 toward less commercialization in sports? It would not break my heart to hear of Avery's resignation had, nevertheless, credit where credit is due.

J. H. FOLLOCC

Indianapolis

SPORTSMAN: IN MEMORIAM
Sir:

I nominate ~~Sal~~ Babe Didrikson Zaharias, the finest of athletes and the most courageous of women. . .

EARL BRIDLEY

Memorial

SPORTSMAN: LOOK TO THE OLYMPICS
Sir:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S Man of the Year must surely have been seen in action in Melbourne. Head's failure in the U.S. championships came late. Hagen has still to notch up that fifth Open, while old age seems at last to have caught up with Archie Moore. Unfortunately, as Zastepa was seen in these Olympic Games, so a number of competitors must come in for careful scrutiny. The following must be in the lineup: Kato, Morrow, Delany, Campbell, Minerva and Brasher. The best all-rounder must be Campbell; the deathless winner must always be included in the final analysis. Brasher made it the hard way, while Delany won the race of the Games. Still, I think the man of the year rests between Morrow, the fastest human on earth, and Kato, the Iron Man from Russia. I would give it to Kato.

FINIAN M. SLATTERY
Asken, County Kerry, Ireland

• For the editors' choice, see **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S** Jan. 7 issue. —ED.

OLYMPICS: STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE
Sir:

The Olympic coverage was great, simply great. Too bad the team didn't do as well as **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** did in covering the contests.

ROBERT BUNKERHART JR.
Tombville, N.J.OLYMPICS: EXPERT INSIGHT
Sir:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S articles concerning the 1966 Melbourne Games were of such caliber as I have never seen before. I speak specifically of their insight into the world situation today and their expert coverage of the Games.

Wesner, Ohio

CHARLIE FISCHER

OLYMPICS: TRACKMEN YOUNG AND OLD
Sir:

It is agreed by all that **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is the best magazine of its kind ever published, and has put out some great issues, but I think the Olympic issues are the greatest of all.

I hope that Roger Barnhouse will continue to write for you. His Olympic forecast was a great article, and I am sure it will be an inspiration to all young track men.

HOWARD MCKINLEY
Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.

• Mr. McKinley's 400-meter Olympic record of 48.8, posted in the 1962 Games, still stands today. —ED.

OLYMPICS: PERMANENT RECORD
Sir:

I have covered the Olympic Games from the start of the modern Olympics in 1896 in Athens, Greece, yet in your issue I found many items of real interest that were brand-new for me.

What impressed me the most was the double-page spread with the progression of records and performances. I have kept your last issue of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, and I assure you that I won't part with the Olympic issue for a long time. My sincere congratulations.

JACK RUBIN

New York

OLYMPICS: VALUE RECEIVED
Sir:

I have a collection of the newspapers of the Berlin lands. Unfortunately, I know not to acquire just fascinating news magazine because of diverse difficulties in my land. I must apologize to you for my boldness, yet can you send me some photos of your magazine, especially on the Olympics so that I can see the photographs of the excellent U.S. athletes. Please excuse my bad English. I have come to Szegeed to study at the university. I send you my best regards and a stamp of the Olympics.

Zoltan Kokorobin

Szegeed, Hungary

Sir:

My request is to send me all magazines about the Olympic Games, because it isn't

MR. CAPER



by AJAY

possible to freeze them another way. I am a student and I am very fond of sport. I want to know more news about the Olympic Games.

I can't send you any value, but I send you Olympic postage stamps issued by my country, Bulgaria.

VLADIMIR KOZAROV

Sofia, Bulgaria

■ A set of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** Olympic issue has gone out with the editor's warmest Christmas wishes to Mr. Karmendi in his land of diverse difficulties and Mr. Kassar in his people's democracy.—ED.



OLYMPICS: FINE PEOPLE

Sine

Thank you for your wonderful story *Golden Melon* (SI, Dec. 16). The writing was fine, and the pictures more than a man could expect. What fine people must have done that story.

LARRY SORNS

New York

OLYMPICS: MATCH RACE!

Sine

Now that everyone has acclaimed Bulky Moros as the world's fastest hurdler, let's see him come home and face the real champion of the sprinters, Dave Sine. In the one time they have met, Sine beat Moros. As you know, Dave was injured and could not compete in the Olympics. A very considerably 250 yards between these two would make the question of who is the faster. I'll grant it would be close, but I'll wager Sine would take it.

JOHN BEYRON

Londonfile, N.Y.

OLYMPICS: VANCOUVER CINDERELLAS

Sine

For your readers' information, we would like to give you a rundown on the financial and other hardships that our Canadian Olympic crew was subject to.

Thirteen University of British Columbia students sacrificed, among other things, a year's education; paid money out of their own pockets for the privilege of rowing; lived like monks for six months; got up at 4:30 a.m. to row on the infamous and fog-filled Coal Harbour of Vancouver; worked all day and rowed again at night, only to get up at 4:30 a.m. and start the procedure all over again.

These boys were helped by a U.B.C. grant of \$1,450 which made it possible for them to own their own equipment.

The coach, Mr. Frank Read, gave up



time and as you know how much money it costs these boys toward their tremendous goal. Without the generous assistance of local citizens who gave food and other necessities, all this would have been quite impossible.

Please vote our "Cinderella" crew of four cropped to an easy victory for Canada's first Olympic gold medal in rowing.

Our Canadian eight made a valiant showing in both semifinals and finals, only to be beaten by a mere half-length by the United States Yale crew.

CAROL KROENIGER
EVANLIS KIRK

Vancouver, B.C.

OLYMPICS: WHERE TO PLAY

Sine

I am intrigued by your Nov. 19 Ray on Two Back for the U.S. Olympic field hockey squad. How were they chosen, where and by whom? Is there a U.S. field hockey association for men's play? Are there any field hockey clubs or teams in the field at the Princeton area?

I played the game in 1944-54 on an English Speaking Union Scholarship in England and would like to play some more but had no idea any such animals existed in the United States.

HAMILTON W. MESSERVE

Princeton, N.J.

■ The U.S. team was selected last September by the U.S. Olympic field hockey committee. There are only about a dozen men's teams in the U.S., five of them in Greenwich, Conn., the rest in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Mr. Messerve might want to write to the Olympic field hockey committee chairman, Henry Kirk Green, Rye, N.Y.—ED.

FOOTBALL: SMALL THANKS

Sine

Your small-college-football coverage all season long has been great and the article on John Hopkins (SI, Dec. 1) was an exception.

Many thanks for printing Randolph-Macon news throughout the 1968 season.

FREDERICK C. STRENG

Ashland, Va.

FOOTBALL: A PAT FOR ALBIE

Sine

The quiet residence where Albie Booth ran the Army-Mary football game was in such contrast to the raucous shouting we saw from most referees of collegiate football (particularly on the West Coast) that Booth seems well worth a "Pat on the Back."

Of course, the logical conclusion is to try to interest more first-class football players in officiating after they have completed their active interest in the game. Certainly something should be done to get rid of the overweight, gray-headed, pompous dudes whose principal interest is to get their best profiles in focus for the TV cameras.

I realize that these fellows have the off-putting work sewed up just as tight as the plumbers' union, but they could be "kissed up" if enough spectators would take a big enough square.

A. J. KRAMER

Orem

■ Yes, indeed. For a reminiscent look at Albie Booth "showbating" 90 yards for a touchdown, see page 74.—ED.

FOOTBALL: THE SECOND BOMB

Sine

Now that Oklahoma has won 29 straight games, many a newspaper and magazine

continued on next page



"Don't worry, I'm not going to sing"

THE OLD LADY had lost her voice. That rich, vibrant contralto which had rung through opera's golden age was long gone. And she made no bones about it.

Standing at the network microphone, she'd loudly promise her audience: "Don't worry, I'm not going to sing."

Yet, every Christmas-Eve, she did sing. And millions of homes looked to listen. For *Sally Harkness*, *Widow Twain* does not demand a big voice. Rather, a big heart.

And Ernestine Schumann-Heink had always had that. From the beginning, when she threw away her budding career for love, only to wind up divorced with her four children. Through World War I, when she sang to sell Liberty Bonds while she had one fighting—on both sides. Right up to the end of her turbulent life, she stayed warm, generous and brave.

Naturally, her adopted country loved her. Because Americans admire heart, and as the little starlet in every daily paper show, they have plenty of it. That's one of the vital reasons why America is strong and why her Savings Bonds are a tremendous guarantee of security.

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continued from page 106

dates this to be the longest winning streak in college football history.

According to some records of my own, Yale totaled 44 straight victories between 1883 and 1893. Also, the University of Washington is reputed to have gone without defeat for 53 straight games—winning 39 and tying four—from the years 1897 and 1907.

Donna W. C. Wright Jr.

New Haven, Conn.

• Reader Wright is right. —ED.

FOOTBALL: FULL-SPEED GRANDPA

On one of my trips through this territory, I was pretty bored and I decided to take in a football game between the Lockport Keweenaw and Burtula, both of the New York Semi Pro League. What I saw made me want to see more, so I decided to watch Lockport play against both Fredonia and Buffalo.



ED, INTO TAILBACK

I noticed a very fast right halfback, who ran full speed every minute of the game. He blocked viciously, hit the middle of the line and ran the ends like fury. He ran 58 yards for a touchdown against Burtula and set up two more on runs of 20 and 18 yards. In the game against Fredonia, he gained almost 200 yards, including runs of 16 and 24 yards.

Upon investigation, this halfback turned out to be a 49-year-old (!) Nickel surgeon. He is Dr. Kiroo Tashiro, medical director of the Niagara Chest Hospital in Lockport, N.Y., a Fellow of the American College of Chest Physicians and a choroid surgeon. He was president of his county society in Ithaca, Mich. before returning to New York. Up in Michigan, he was also known as one of the hardest hitters in Chess & Billard.

There have been physicians who have played football, as for instance Dr. Dan Foreman of the Chicago Bears, but there have been none who have played at the age of 48.

When I met Dr. Tashiro, I asked him if the other halfplayers called him "Pappy."

He smiled, shook his head and said, "No, they call me 'Grandpappy.'"

ROBERT MARRASO

New York

FOOTBALL: THE END IN SIGHT

In your issue of Nov. 19 you printed a letter from J. Shuler Barr, dean of athletics at Franklin & Marshall.

He stated in his letter that Gettysburg and F&M are participants in one of the longest small-college football series in the country, dating back to 1887.

The 38th game in this series has been played and won by Gettysburg. This is the 50th straight Buffin win. Is this traditional game headed for the scrap heap? Dean Barr stated in his letter to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* that Franklin & Marshall College had abandoned football scholarships and would only schedule colleges with similar policies with regard to financial aid to athletes. Does Mr. Barr consider Gettysburg also to be "similar" to those of F&M or is their foundation to the runners that F&M plans to drop "log time"? If Barr or that Coach Spanagole can have an undefeated season?

If that be the case, almost all of both colleges certainly will be disappointed. If the series is giving Coach Spanagole a set of nerves he should take heart and back back to 1889 when the Buffins on the schedule that year were outclassed by the likes of F&M's Carver, Galesburg, Coto, King, Lander, Kewanee, Pletchier, et. al., who, incidentally, were undefeated.

THE JONES

Lanham, Pa.

• After the 1946 game Gettysburg and Franklin & Marshall will discontinue their ancient football rivalry—at least temporarily. Mr. Barr says the moratorium will continue as long as the two schools go in "opposite directions" in their athletic procurement policies. However, the long-running athletic rivalry will continue in all sports but football. —ED.

MINOR SPORTS: LITTLE JOHN OF THE FOLI

What is the world's record for Rappelling? How many days, and where? (Don't want to know it, my son has been on a Rappelle since Aug. 4, 1952 down at Fort Smith, Ark. and we are trying to find out what the record is. If we are not able to do so, I don't know how much longer he will stay up as he has passed 100 days this last weekend.)

His name is Little John, and when he went up a two pole his weight was over 400 pounds. His goal is to break the world record and lose from 100 to 200 pounds. Would you please send me a speedy reply?

Mrs. Myron Ginzow

Jacksonville, Fla.

• Ever eager to report sports news in the making, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* dispatched a reporter to Fort Smith, Ark., who died as follows: sure enough, Little John Gregory, a free-lance ventriloquist and pantomimist who got his weight up to 400 pounds by overeating, munching, marching, has been

up a 45-foot pole since 10:45 a.m. Aug. 4. Little John's base of operations is a six-by-eight-foot platform atop the pole covered by a tent. Here Little John sleeps, listens to the radio and talks by phone to his girl, who, although cool when he climbed up the pole, is now audibly impressed with her suitor. Every hour on the hour Little John snags on a radio transmitter and for five minutes broadcasts over the local radio station an account of his condition and tribulations, laced with pleas for his sponsors who have made all this possible. Fridays Little John does his bit for national defense as an observer for the Ground Observer Corps. Informed that the world record for flagpole-sitting stands at 194 days, Little John plans to stay aloft until March 8, 1947, and come down with a decisive 87-day margin on the old record. But, don't get us wrong; we don't consider flagpole-sitting a sport, although it might be an art. —ED.

MINOR SPORTS: THE TACK-JIBE CONY.

Wre:
In your 1936 issue of Nov. 26 Mr. Jack Elliott refers to himself as a handkicker because he cannot understand the so-called tack-jibe. Why this terrible inferiority complex?

It is not clear how the Rainbow could have turned the mark, approaching it as she did on the starboard tack. It must be remembered that it had to be left to starboard. The turning was routine. Charlie Adams was sailing Fannie and Frank Palmer was beside him. It is troubling to one's memories to intimate that they did not know how to turn a buoy. I do not remember whether we approached the mark on the starboard or port tack. If we came to it on the starboard tack we turned it as Rainbow did. If on the port tack we simply bore off and made our down after jibe. We were all much more interested in figuring out how to catch and pass Rainbow on the 15-mile run to the finish.

CHARLES EBBETT
Managing owner of Fannie

Boston

■ The routine way of turning the mark would have been to go over on the port tack and then jibe. Vanderbilt never let his boat get on port tack, but held his sail overboard until he was able to jibe. —ED.

THE BALL: ANSWERS

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1 Lacrosse | 12 Water polo |
| 2 Baseball | 13 Volleyball |
| 3 Basketball | 14 Outdoor polo |
| 4 Golf | 15 Squash |
| 5 Croquet | 16 Tennis |
| 6 Handball | 17 Soccer |
| 7 Softball | 18 Football |
| 8 Softball | 19 Shotgun |
| 9 Table tennis | 20 Cricket |
| 10 Field hockey | 21 Court tennis |
| 11 Rugby | 22 Lawn bowling |



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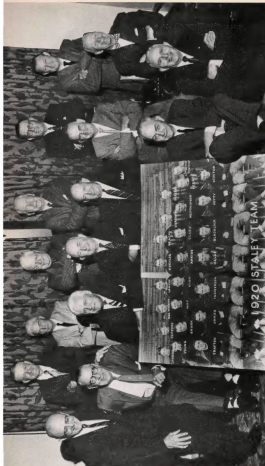
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Arthur Boyd

PAT ON THE BACK

Thirty-six years ago one of the hottest professional football teams in the country was the Stanley Bears of Des Moines, IA. That assemblage of bright young men brought honor to their nation and sparked the beginning of all that professional football brilliance that gave birth to today's Chicago Bears and launched some handsome names into the world of sports. George Halas, owner of the Chicago Bears, was coach and played grid for the 1920 team, and his present head coach, John L. (Paddy) Devolosi, was a teammate. A young man named Charles (Chuck) Demas, known to sport fans as manager of the Washington Senators, played quarterback for the Stanley Bear big game.

OLD PROS OF THE EARLY BEARS

Assistant football coach at the University of Illinois, and Leo T. Johnson, tackle coach at the same university, were both Stanley Bears. The old Bears, now sportsmen and dignified businessmen, gathered for a recent anniversary reunion in Chicago and a look at their old photo album. Standing in back row (left to right) are Randolph Young, Leo T. Johnson, Ed MacWhorter, Ralph L. Larcum, William Walter Vande and Chuck Devolosi. In the center row (left to right) are George B. Halas, George E. Twilum, James Connelton, Ray B. Adams, Lemile L. Hely, Andrew J. Polchberger and Walter L. Powers. Seated on the floor at right are Stanley Bear Petty and John T. Williams.



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